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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Wyndham Lewis - - H. N. Frye

MARTIN COHN

A. M. KLEIN

F. H. UNDERHILL

JUNE, 1936

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the new political line-up in France. The success of the Popular Front at the polls makes a Leftist government certain. And for the first time the French Socialist party is committed to taking power and responsibility in forming a government, a course they have hitherto studiously avoided, warned by the example of minority Labor movements in Great Britain. But even now the Socialists, with the Radical Socialists to the right and the Communists to the left of them in the new movement, form only a minority in it. The position is full of dangers for them and for the cause of socialism at large. Socialists in other countries will watch anxiously for signs of a vigorous policy. Two things wait to be done immediately. The Fascist Leagues should be completely disarmed, and the present charter of the Bank of France abolished. The present one, a legacy from Napoleon, is a means whereby finance and heavy industry, particularly the armament firms, are united in a closed corporation which forms the economic government of the Republic, and controls a large part of the Paris press. It is the kind of despotism which is unfortunately not so easily destroyed at the barricades. The position of the Communists, pledged to support a Social Democratic policy of socialism by parliamentary methods, is curious. Their place in the alliance is an uneasy one, and their present refusal to accept cabinet responsibility does not make it any less so. All foes of Fascism will hope that at least they will not break up the coalition until the power of the Fascist leagues in France, and of the finance which supports them, has been destroyed.

ETHIOPIA

It is quite clear that because most decent people dislike Fascism and cannot contemplate a portrait of Mussolini without pain, there has been a general tendency to under-estimate the strength of his system and his military machine. For months wiseacres have been informing the world that Ethiopia's climate, mountains and warlike population could resist conquest for a very long period. Now that the Fascist legions occupy Addis Ababa this kind of prophesying is better forgotten. To make much of his conquest we are told that Il Duce will need foreign capital, but an estimate of Italy's own ability to supply capital equipment is necessary before

we become too confident that the consolidation of conquest will be much more difficult than the conquest itself. It is perhaps a tribute to a certain nascent morality in the modern world that we are so loath to believe that injustice can really succeed and flourish like the green bay tree. Fascism, of course, is built on the principle that it can, and the temporary success of the system has done much to destroy some of the optimistic illusions of the Marxists, based though they are on a profound idealism. Europe now faces more openly than ever before the challenge of the Fascist system, crowned as it is with the conquest of a few million blacks. It is not so much rival economic theories which confront each other, for the economics of Italy's neighbours are getting to be not unlike her own, but conflicting views of what constitutes human morality and man's destiny on this earth. And the conflict, in which the Ethiopian adventure is only an incident, is not likely to confine itself to Europe. The decay of North American capitalism is likely to breed a cult of politics which will threaten all our heritage of political democracy and much else besides.

MADE IN MONTREAL

"AS a first practical step toward freer trade it could not well have been bettered. Unfortunately, it was also, save for extensions of the British preference, and the attempt in 1911 to secure reciprocity with the United States, to be a last step." This is what Dr. Skelton, in his official biography of Laurier, has to say about the first Liberal budget of 1897. It would be foolish to pretend that the first budget of the new Liberal government in 1936, coming on top of its Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, does not also represent a very practical step toward freer trade. But, before the Winnipeg Free Press loses its balance altogether in its whoops of joy, we would ask it to paste these remarks of Dr. Skelton in its hat for future reference. The King government has certainly gone further than we expected in tariff reductions, considering that our big industrialists had so carefully arranged to have Liberals elected from practically all the industrial constituencies. But release from the insane extravagances of the Bennett tariffs was only a part of Mr. Dunning's task. In everything else he has substantially failed to face up to his problem. If it be true that the country must endure heavier taxation, a Liberal financier should have devised our

tax burdens so that their weight was adjusted to the strength of the shoulders which have to bear them. In this respect Mr. Dunning has not approached within miles of the standards which even Conservative English governments maintain. When he looks about for more revenue he has recourse to the most inequitable of all taxes, the sales tax. He dared not increase the income tax in the higher levels of income because our wealthy citizens have been raising such a howl about how taxes upon them impede the recovery of business. So he puts the tax where it can be guaranteed to have the biggest effect in hitting the purchasing power of the masses. And this in a Liberal budget! Nor has Mr. Dunning done anything about the problem of government debt. He is not going to follow English or Australian models in any conversion scheme, because again he is afraid of the howls of Montreal and Toronto financial interests. No doubt the Canadian people are in for several years of instructive lessons in the real meaning of "sound" finance.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

ONE of the points which Liberal campaign orators stressed most during the election was the assurance that a federal Liberal government would be able to work with the Liberal provincial governments much more harmoniously than Mr. Bennett had succeeded in doing. Since then they have had a Dominion-Provincial conference which provided some remarkable, doubtless modernistic, exercises in harmony. And the net result of all their discussions on financial relations and on the B.N.A. Act is shown in two proposed amendments which Mr. Lapointe has submitted to Parliament. With the whole system of financial relations as constructed by the Fathers in 1867 simply crying out for reconstruction, all that the Liberals propose to do is to give the provinces the right to levy indirect taxes upon sales and to make arrangements for Dominion control of future provincial borrowings, if the provinces are willing to accept such control. The new provincial taxes will still further complicate our difficulties of double taxation, and will benefit chiefly the two central provinces who do not need financial assistance. A long long time ago, when the Hon. Norman Rogers was still only a professor of political science, we recall certain striking articles of his in which he urged that a federal system must provide for a reasonable equality among all its members, and that the national government, having started to plan our economy by its tariff and transportation policies, must carry its planning further so that its policy tends to produce this equality among all the members of the federation. We wonder what has become of those arguments now that he is a Cabinet Minister, and whether he thinks that this inglorious nibbling at our constitutional problems which is represented by Mr. Lapointe's amendments bears any approximation to the schemes which he had in view when he wrote his famous brief for the province of Nova Scotia.

GOVERNMENT DEBTS

THE May number of the Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science contains an important paper by Professor D. C. MacGregor on the problem of public debt in Canada, which should re-

ceive wide publicity. He shows that as the national income declined during the depression years the proportion of it which was devoted to interest charges on government debts steadily rose from 4.8% in 1929 to 10.8% in 1933. In discussing the effects of orthodox finance in dealing with this problem, he declares: "Thus in a depression the majority of Canadian taxes strengthen monopolistic tendencies, create greater inequality in the distribution of wealth, and promote or at least prolong unemployment. The present combination of taxing devices and interest payments prolongs depression and unemployment and sustains the standard of living of an already favoured group. It would be hard to find a combination of forces more harmful under present conditions or more likely to render the economy vulnerable in the future." When he comes to discuss methods of reducing interest charges, he points out how little has been done in Canada as compared with Britain and Australia, and how, as a matter of fact, the ordinary conversion processes which have been adopted so far in this country have only checked the growth of interest payments but have not reduced them. "The slight improvement in the federal government's position and the wide publicity given to its conversions have obscured the failure of the method in provinces and municipalities." Only a small amount of bonded debt matures in the next five years, provincial maturities being insignificant, and federal maturities being also small except for 535 million in 1936 and 1937. (This is out of a total public debt of some 7,000 million dollars). Most Canadian government bonds lack provision for redemption before maturity—"a grave omission" when we consider that most Canadian private mortgages and industrial bond issues as well as a large part of the public debt of Britain, the United States, Australia and New Zealand has been made callable. Thus the method of "ordinary conversion has failed and will continue to fail."

Professor MacGregor discusses various methods of adjusting the burden of interest, and appears to favour most the imposition of a federal coupon tax on all government bonds. This would be preferable to the present surtax on unearned or investment income which falls on personal income only and is not applicable to coupons cashed by banks, insurance and trust companies. The obstacles to any method of debt reduction are not chiefly technical but "lie rather in the opposition from highly organized creditor institutions and their associates." "The present conflict between governments and financial institutions is a conflict between governments and salaried trustees. These trustees, who are officials of insurance companies, trust companies, banks and investment banking companies, constitute a small and powerful financial bureaucracy. It is their business to defend the assets under their administration and they may be expected to resist any adjustment of interest charges which is not forced upon them by overwhelming odds. Training for legal and financial posts in Canada has been largely of the trade school variety, the effect of which is to promote efficiency in routine and hasten the decline of mental activity. Hence governments, which have hitherto drawn heavily on private institutions for advice, must now think for themselves. And as civil servants in the public Treasuries are not usually much different in training or outlook from private finan-

ciers, the elected members of Parliaments and Councils must supply the necessary driving force and inventiveness". We commend this article to Charlie Dunning of Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island and St. James Street.

BEAVERBROOK'S MR. BAXTER

WE had thought that the slogan, My Country Right or Wrong, had too cynical a flavour for the taste of modern patriots. Nations now find it so necessary to manoeuvre for moral position when engaged in preying on each other that it becomes necessary to claim that one's own country is always right. It is therefore pleasing to notice that one of our Canadian exports to Great Britain named Mr. Beverly Baxter has boldly cut out the humbug and returned to what he imagines are the realities of the situation. After a brief visit to the land of his birth he has returned to inform the people of Great Britain that all real Canadians are still ready to rush to the support of the mother country in any quarrel, whatever its merits, just because they are British. The chief danger of such silly statements is their effect in misleading British public opinion about the real nature of Canadian sentiment concerning European wars. This outburst, however, provoked a distinctly more realistic statement from Mr. J. M. Macdonnell of Toronto in the form of a letter to the London Times, which is noticed in the article on Parliament and Foreign policy elsewhere in this issue. Meanwhile, such incidents serve very forcibly to remind us of the dangers implicit in a policy of silence concerning our foreign policy. As long as our twin relationships with the League and the Empire are treated as topics too sacred for discussion, public men of all parties are liable to drift further and further away from real Canadian public opinion and land themselves and us in a mess some day by committing us to some military policy abroad which only the Canadian imperialists, a vociferous minority, want to support.

A WARNING FROM DALHOUSIE

THE President of Dalhousie University has chosen the occasion of the annual convocation to issue a warning against the menace which Fascism holds for institutions of higher learning. He spoke not as a political propagandist but as a humanist and educator and we cannot do better than use his own words: "Hitler first attacked the universities. Today more than one sixth of all professors in Germany have lost their places; some of them have been murdered. Scores have been tortured. Are our universities aware of these things? Or are they taking their opinions from our newspapers, which have shown little or no interest in what is going on?" So far as we are aware, this is the first public protest by any Canadian educationalist against the policies adopted by the Third Reich towards institutions of higher learning. In the English universities men of all political creeds have united in vigorous protest against the racial and political persecution of German professors by the German government. The universities, including the older ones, have gone so far as to boycott the anniversary celebrations of the University of Heidelberg. Apparently they feel in England that the cause of one teacher is the cause

of all. Meanwhile in Canada, while one or two university presidents have disgraced themselves by a guarded approval of fascist policies, the majority have preferred to say nothing at all on an issue which affects the cause of education not merely in Germany but in the world at large.

TO THE READERS

THE Editors of the Canadian Forum would like their readers to note their change of address to 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto. Until the signing of the lease on the new office, the editorial offices of The Forum have been temporary, but with the very positive interest which the public has taken in the future of the magazine, it was considered that the time had come to organize it upon a permanent business basis and once this was accomplished it was necessary to secure larger and more central offices.

But there is something else which the Editors would like to call to the attention of their readers. For some time they have been anxious to establish a correspondence section in The Forum. The name of the magazine implies that its columns are open not only to discussion of material that has appeared in them, but to discussion of contemporary problems, political and otherwise. However, in order that as many views as possible may be presented in this proposed department, correspondents are advised to be as brief as they conscientiously can. Brevity and sincerity are all that are asked of them. A magazine with the function of The Forum would not survive for long without concrete criticism, whether it be friendly or adverse.

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Parliament and Foreign Policy

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

ON May 13 last the House of Commons was the scene of the most remarkable incident in the history of Canadian foreign policy since those exhilarating days in 1919 when our statesmen informed us that they had achieved for us the complete Canadian control of Canadian policy in external affairs. Mr. Woodsworth, on the orders of the day, had tried in vain to elicit information from the Prime Minister as to Canadian policy about the continuation of sanctions against Italy. On the motion to go into supply he therefore raised the whole question of the secrecy with which Canada's external policy is being carried on. He asked where Canada really stands in the present critical world situation. He asked whether we are to continue as members of a League which has failed so dismally and which apparently will afford us no security against war in the future. He asked further what our attitude towards Great Britain is to be, whether we are to be expected to send troops to back up what may be the bungling of the present British government.

Surely his point was well taken that in the present sinister drift of events in Europe the Canadian people should be given all the information and guidance possible by their responsible leaders in Parliament. Surely, under the British system of government, that is what Parliament is for. Mr. King, in the last election campaign, waxed eloquent several times a day on the theme of responsible government and pledged himself to bring to an end the dictatorial Bennett regime in which an autocratic cabinet was wont to take action without consulting Parliament. Yet here we are, confronted by a far more serious situation than that of the Sino-Japanese dispute with which Mr. Bennett had to deal, and our champion of responsible government continuously sidesteps any discussion of government policy. In the meantime the Department of External Affairs over which he presides is no doubt making little decisions every day, the cumulative effect of which will be that we shall wake up some morning in a crisis to discover that we are bound to a certain course of action and that it is too late to discuss alternatives. Questions of war or peace are not really decided in dramatic eleventh-hour crises of some fourth of August. Government policy is given a certain trend by a long series of day-to-day decisions; the final decision is only a formal ratification of what has gone before. If we are to understand the implications of the trend of a series of small decisions we must periodically survey what we are doing and ask whither are we going. This is the purpose which parliamentary discussion serves in a mature democracy. The idea that, because a situation is difficult at the moment, it should not be discussed would be rejected with ridicule at Westminster where Mr. Anthony Eden has to face questions and debates every few days.

Yet this is precisely the excuse made by Mr. King for avoiding discussion of our external policy just now. The world situation is so critical that someone at Ottawa might drop a brick which would re-

sound through Europe. Presumably the theory of our great democratic and liberal leader is that when things are quiet no discussion is needed and when things are critical all discussion is too dangerous. Mr. Bennett supported the Prime Minister in this stand, and so we are faced by a united endeavour of the two old parties to prevent Parliament from being used for the ventilation of the most vital issue that faces the Canadian people. Every day the European situation is developing in such a way that we may soon be invited to participate in its solution by sending Canadian troops across the ocean again. Surely before the final crisis arrives it is a fitting demand that our Parliamentary leaders should give some guidance to their people on what our attitude should be towards Europe. And if we are too alarmist in thinking that a final crisis is due to arrive one of these days, surely some good service would be performed by authoritative information from the government tending to relieve these alarms.

BUT Mr. Bennett came to the help of Mr. King and pooh-poohed Mr. Woodsworth's demand as one which would lead merely to academic discussion. Apparently in his Olympian view the question of military sanctions which is involved in our membership of the League, and which raises the further question of our willingness to bury more Canadian soldiers in Europe, is merely academic. Mr. Bennett's own personal contribution to the subject is that "our effort must be to uphold the hands of those who are endeavouring to maintain the peace of the world". This is one of the typical pious but meaningless phrases with which our responsible leaders have avoided any reasonable discussion of concrete policy ever since 1931 when the system of collective security began to disintegrate. Who are the people in Europe just now who "are endeavouring to maintain the peace of the world?" Presumably Mussolini is one of them, since he has got what he was after and wants to be left alone in peace to enjoy his victory. But it was not of such persons that Mr. Bennett was thinking. Obviously the persons whom he had in mind are Mr. Baldwin and his Conservative government in England. The duty of Canada is to uphold the hands of the British government. This is the simple colonial Conservative faith which Mr. Bennett practiced in office when his envoy, Mr. Cahan, out-simoned Simon in defence of the Japanese, who, as one recalls, were at that time maintaining the peace of Manchuria.

Mr. Lapointe, who also rose to support Mr. King, was even more delightfully colonial in his remarks than Mr. Bennett. But, while Mr. Bennett depends upon Mr. Baldwin and his pipe to find the proper policy for Canada and deprecates discussion until the Baldwin cabinet has made up its badly muddled mind as to what the proper peace policy is, Mr. Lapointe relies upon the Council of the League. "It is a very difficult problem, so complicated and so fraught with danger that even they, with the information they have, have thought it better to

adjourn, until some time in the month of June, any discussion of the matter. Surely if they could not do otherwise, we in this house are not in a position to do better than those who are assembled at Geneva". Such a charming expression of humility disarms the critic, but of course the League Council has only adjourned discussion till June in the hope that something will turn up in the meantime to save its face. As the London Times once remarked about the League Council, it touches nothing which it does not adjourn. Its action or inaction is no reason why the Canadian people should indefinitely pursue a policy of drift, or should be left in the dark about their government's policy. For let it be emphasized that what Mr. Woodsworth was requesting was not the giving of advice to Europeans about what they should do but the giving of information to Canadians about what their government is doing.

The truth is, of course, that this remarkable unanimity of the leaders of the two old parties in delaying and avoiding discussion is not really due to their solicitude about the delicacy of the European situation. The critical situation that worries them is not in Europe but in Canada. Nobody knows what the bulk of the Canadian people are really thinking about the next European war, but everybody knows that an invitation to go to war again in Europe is not going to be accepted with the cheerful unanimity of 1914. Because they do not know which way Canadian public opinion may jump, our politicians, with characteristic unheroic caution, are doing their best to avoid any public discussion of the question. Mr. Bennett has probably had enough evidence come to him to make it clear that the good old tory flagwaving may not work the next time; every new betrayal of the League by the Baldwin government kills off a few thousand of the younger tory loyalists in Canada. Messrs. King and Lapointe know that their party is split wide open on the subject of Canada's policy in regard to Europe and that the only way to maintain the appearance of unity is to be steadfastly non-committal. Their only hope is that affairs in Europe will not develop to the point at which it will be necessary to commit themselves.

In the meantime all Canadians can read the newspapers, and what they learn of Europe there is certainly increasing their distaste for any more idealistic adventures in arms on that continent. A few weeks ago there appeared a noteworthy letter in the London Times from Mr. J. M. Macdonell of Toronto which deserves more attention in our press than it has received. (Our Toronto papers at the moment were too busy trying to scoop one another with imaginative concoctions about the Moose River mine to have much room for the discussion of European affairs). Mr. Macdonell divides Canadians into three groups: "(1) the 100 percent North Americans who have made themselves believe in some way that we can live and die apart from Europe; (2) the Imperialists who still have the attitude of 1914; (3) the Collectivists, by which I mean those who recognize that we cannot evade foreign responsibilities but are prepared to assume them only as members of the League." His description of the first group shows that he has not quite achieved objectivity in his analysis, since no 'isolationists' are quite so silly as he makes out. But the significant feature of his

letter is his blunt statement that Canadian Collectivists have been slowly losing faith in the sincerity of the present British government's policy at Geneva.

One would like to ask how many more incidents will be required, after all that has happened since September, 1931, before our Canadian Collectivists begin seriously to question the efficacy of a League dominated by any of the present European great powers and before the Conservative Collectivists among them lose what faith they still have left in Baldwin & Co. However, let us not press these questions too insistently. The slow inevitable pressure of events is gradually reducing Mr. Macdonell's triple division of the Canadian people into a much simpler one. As Europe drifts towards another great explosion it will become clear, in spite of all the logical hair-splitting of our legalists and all the emotional appeals of Imperialists and Collectivists, that there are only two positions which Canada can take. And Canadians will then divide themselves into those who want us to take part in the next European war and those who want us to stay out of it.

Ragged Individualist

He stands alert
Outside the liquor store,
Eyes pleading with half-hope
Out of a gaunt, lined face.
The filthy tatters hang
From shoulders tiredly held
Contracted 'gainst the bitter blast of Spring.

"Rub down your car, sir?"
(Just another cadge,
A variation of the match and pencil racket).
"Well—alright."
A sodden rag, jerked eagerly from pocket,
Leaps to insult the duco's sullied pride.

("This brand—they've changed the bottle. Do I get
The same amount of whisky for the price?")

He's at it still:
(More pottering than elbow grease, no doubt;
These out-of-works have learned to give their least).
Four bits change hands. His hand
Drips blood,
Slashed by the angry metal of the car.
(Self-wounded in a bid for sympathy?)

"Returned man?" "Yes. I've tried
To get a pension. Maybe they
Will figure I'm a casualty of the war.
Don't know what's wrong. I'm swollen from here
to here.
This helps a lot, sir. Thank you, sir."
(Another of these wangers, probably,
Swinging the lead to cheat the government).

We part,
I to an afternoon of week-end rest,
Warmed by oil-heat and conscience well assuaged;
He to his bleak and bitter sentry-go,
Crying anew, as once he did of old,
"Who goes there? Are you friend or enemy?"

CARLTON McNAUGHT.

Teaching the Young to Drive

ERIC HAVELOCK

NONE of our cherished institutions is being knocked quite so unanimously these days as our system of education. We hear on all sides, from parents and politicians, that it is effete and expensive, that the methods used are antiquated, and that the subjects taught are useless. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that we are at last able to report progress. The schools of the Province of Ontario are about to take a leap forward. The curriculum is to include a course in motor car driving.

At least the proposal has been made and advertised in the public press. The superintendent of schools has made a report on the subject, described as "exhaustive". With relief we read that "there would be no difficulty in securing the approval of the minister of education for a course in motor car driving in the secondary schools." All overdue reforms have to contend against obstacles of one sort or another, but in this case one of them, namely the minister, seems to have been surmounted already. It is to be hoped that reactionaries who cling to their Latin and trigonometry will not be allowed to put others in the way. For this proposal has many pleasing possibilities which it will be a pleasure to explore.

The people who qualify for that mysterious and awful degree known as D.Paed. have long been telling us that it is no use teaching our children things they do not want to learn. We ourselves may have had to endure the discipline of geometry and French verbs, but this only embittered our lives and family relationships and brought on a world depression when we grew up. How is any natural comradely relationship possible between teacher and pupil, we are asked, when Willie Smith is forced to stay in and write out an exercise which he knew instinctively to be objectionable directly he saw it, when he might be running home in the afternoon sunshine to embrace his parents and kick the small boy next door in healthy fun? Nor will anything that he learns after this fashion equip him for those experiences which await him when he leaves school, and are usually referred to by educationists as "Life". He may find himself a stockbroker or engine driver or a traveller in ladies' underwear, but it will be "Life" anyway, and most of the things they teach in the schools at present are but poor preparation for it. One Toronto school trustee has been quoted as saying that "he himself had studied Latin for seven years and he couldn't see that it had been any advantage to him". Judging from his own remarks, we think his point very well taken. His only mistake was to restrict his censure to a dead language which he happened to have heard of in school. Surely we have here illustrated a case of failure on the part of not merely Latin, but the entire educational system.

WITH the introduction of motor car driving into the school curriculum most of these problems will vanish overnight. Difficult as it may be to discover the things which our youth do wish to learn, here surely is one of them. Punishment loses its terrors when Willie Smith is informed that since he

ground his gears four times this afternoon he will have to stay in and drive an hour after school. Any barrier between teacher and pupil will vanish when both are seated together in the driver's seat—indeed, we foresee the need of a special course in English to express the emotions generated under such conditions. Old boys, gathering for reunion and reminiscence, will no longer remember painful incidents when they threw ink bottles or inserted pins, but will rather say with pride "Do you remember the day when I drove old Pie-Face into a brick wall?"

Carpers will raise all sorts of objections, to meet which the following suggestions are offered in all deference, in the hope that the eye of the deputy minister of education for the province may light upon them before he has become discouraged in his great mission. People will say, "who is to provide the necessary cars, and still more their maintenance?" There never was an educational reform which was not opposed on the score of expense but in this case a solution is easy. Let specialists in English, history and motor car driving, when applying for a post, be required to supply their own cars for pupils' use. It would be difficult to devise a better method of ensuring that the instruction given shall be careful and conscientious, and the device also embodies that principle of disguised taxation on small incomes which becomes so increasingly dear to modern governments. Again, care should be taken not to treat boys and girls exactly alike in this matter. As long as one-car families are the rule, few husbands will want their wives to drive. We suggest therefore a special course in back seat driving for the girls. This will equip them splendidly for their future responsibilities as citizens, wives and mothers.

WHEN the long school year ends, and the closing exercises are held in a local hall, it will be possible to introduce some much needed reforms into this painful ceremony. Prize winners will no longer be required to reproduce in insincere accents what a poet said to a primrose, or the tripe that Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg. The audience will expect something different, something practical, some fruit of the training received for citizenship and life—and they will get it, when the head boy rises to deliver his soul on "The motor car, its history, and the present state of the industry", to be followed by the girls in their illustrative action song, "Put out your hand when turning to the left." As guest of honour it will now be possible to have not the local mayor, usually a disappointing sort of person not much improved by the chain of office which he happens to be wearing, but the Minister of Highways himself. The rewards which he distributes to the deserving will no longer be diplomas and certificates and books, remarkable chiefly for their bindings, but driving licenses. It will only remain for the parents to pay for them. Thus the unnecessary expense of school prizes will have been cut down at last, and public bodies determined to unload the cost of education on any shoulders willing to bear it will have won the last trick.

Pacifism: The Only Solution

G. M. A. GRUBE

MEN are unconsciously affected by the sound of words, and the unfortunate assonance between pacifism and passivism has probably contributed much to the ordinary man's stubborn refusal to understand that pacifism is much more than merely not fighting. The expression 'passive resistance' should be avoided, for the moment you resist you cease to be passive. To be passive is to allow yourself to be led entirely by the will of others—voting as your father did because he did, for example, or joining the army because other people think you should—instead of by your own. It should be clear that the advice to turn the other cheek means something far nobler and far more active than merely not to strike back—because you are afraid perhaps, or because you intend to get compensation for assault. It clearly refers to an attitude of mind, and the exercising of a positive, restraining influence, and incidentally it means a great effort of will-power, and not being afraid of being thought afraid. So the advocate of what I prefer to call unarmed resistance believes that by refusing to join in the hysteria of hate (without which modern war is impossible) and by proclaiming his faith that international problems cannot be solved by war, which indeed aggravates them, he is making a positive contribution to the future of the race. And as one who was a soldier in the last war I can testify that, at the moment when the choice has to be made, it is far less of an effort to follow the crowd into uniform than to stand out against it.

Pacifism is first a personal faith, a religion of the individual conscience. Clearly, if large numbers genuinely accepted such a commandment as "Thou shalt not kill" it would be impossible for them to take part in war. But that in itself is no justification. The claims of the individual conscience must of necessity be judged by some standard of social utility, and the state is bound so to judge it. The Roman empire was compelled by the nature of its being to persecute the early Christians who refused to express ritually their fealty to it; so modern capitalist-imperialist governments are compelled to persecute pacifists. In both cases they have at times shown unexpected clemency. Nevertheless, in the judgment of history, the Roman Empire was wrong, and in time the imperialist governments will be proved wrong also. It is my intention to try and show why this is the case.

That war is an evil need not be argued today. Those who still advocate it as a good thing, a kind of blood-letting, are clearly lacking in imagination and unable to realize what war implies. But the ordinary man and woman know and admit that war, as it is now waged, is a pastime of the damned. Indeed we may go further: it is generally recognized not only that war is evil but that it is madness. Both the expert and the man in the street, be they soldier or civilian, are well aware that the next war bids fair to be nothing less than race-suicide. With the ghastly weapons that science has almost absent-mindedly put at our disposal, there can be no more war, but only mass murder of the most appalling

kind, against which defence is all but impossible.

THESE things may then be taken for granted; poor Mr. Everyman and his wife know it well enough. But, they say, what is the alternative? There is only one: peace. That sounds a truism. I wish it were. For peace must be prepared for as well as war, and you cannot prepare for both at the same time. If you treble your air fleet, as the present British government is doing, you may talk of peace, but nobody across your own borders will believe you mean it. How could they, since they see you preparing for war? And to prepare for peace you must be willing to take risks, namely the risk that the other fellow may be stronger than you. Peace is not something that comes to you gently like a dream in the night. It is the hard-earned prize and the crowning achievement of civilization, and to ever attain such achievements you must be prepared to risk, to suffer, and if necessary to die.

But Mr. Everyman is still agreeing with me. He is prepared, noble fellow that he is, to suffer in plenty for his own peace as well as for the profits of his betters. He knows as well as I do that England, for example, is at the moment the paradise of armament-makers. But he shakes his head in puzzled sorrow and still sees no alternative. Supposing, he says, that we were all pacifists like you, and the other fellow, Hitler, Mussolini, or the Japanese, attacked us, where would we be?

The prospect of a whole nation of pacifists seems distant, but since it is the aim of all pacifists to make their own nation such, the question is a fair one. Mr. Everyman genuinely wants to know—in itself an encouraging sign—and my answer to him is this:

First, you persist in thinking and speaking of nations as if they were homogeneous units. They are not. They are made up of individuals like you and me. By the time you and I and all our countrymen have become pacifists, there will be a great many in other nations also. You would not then be faced with the same Germany, the same Italy, the same Japan as you are now. For your own militaristic outlook has helped to make them what they are.

In the second place every armament program in the world is always based on a comparison with the armies of potential enemies. Armies are a sign of fear, not of courage. Men are prepared to defend their own country, but they will invade another only because they are taught that it is the best form of defence (or because other armed powers have refused to help towards a solution of imperative economic difficulties). They follow to get their blow in first. I do not believe that any citizen army (and remember that modern wars are fought by citizen armies), would follow their leaders against an unarmed foe. Not even the Nazis at their maddest.

REMEMBER also that they are at their maddest, all three of them, because they are the Have-nots of the world. A solution of their difficulties has been persistently refused to them. In view of this they might try to gobble up part of your empire, but

they are much more likely to meet you, even now, in a common effort to solve world problems, if you, through your representatives, were clearly willing to meet them without pointing a gun at their heads, which your statesmen are now continually doing. For the threat of war prevents men from being sensible, it merely makes them resolve that next time it is they who will hold the gun. But it is perfectly true that if you are determined to preserve your empire as privileged markets for yourself alone, you can only do that by pointing guns at everybody's head in turn. And the gun is bound to go off pretty soon. Economic imperialism, whether British, French or any other brand, is in the long run incompatible with peace. The sooner you realize that the better; you must then make your choice.

But even at the worst, let the invader come. What can he do? Take your gold? You know that will not help him. Make you work? You will refuse, even unto death. And even if he succeeded in this he would have to stop because of unemployment in his own country. Take your raw materials? To whom will he sell his finished goods? I do not deny that there would be suffering in plenty, but less so than in war which means certain death or worse for hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, certain horrors of every kind. And I refuse to believe that any soldiers on earth would go on day after day and week after week murdering, raping and pillaging, when they are in no danger themselves. For it is their own danger that leads men to these excesses, when they face them or have just faced them.

Remember, finally, that pacifism is not passivism, that the unarmed resister does set to work forces just as strong, perhaps stronger, than the fighter, that his influence, if less tangible, is at least as real. That the fighter will feel their effect, until he throws down his weapons in disgust with the words: "We cannot do anything with these fellows, they won't fight."

It would seem unlikely that any truly pacifist nation would suffer as much as the belligerents in the next war are certain to suffer, even if, which I deny, war could take place under those circumstances. And if it be said we should be prepared to suffer for an idea, the history of the last twenty years surely shows that even such ideas as democracy or collective security are not advanced by war, that war settles nothing, that even a League of Nations which is founded by the victors in war is bound to be in the end a League of victors, a League of the Haves against the Have-nots. The partiality of such a League may not be obvious at first, but as soon as the defeated nations have begun to recover, as soon as they demand their rights, the partiality is clear enough. And furthermore the only method of keeping order which such a League knows is the old one of pointing a gun.

THERE has been too much sabre-rattling at Geneva. A little less self-righteousness and a little more readiness to deal with fundamental difficulties (consideration for, example, of the Italian proposal, made in 1926, to survey and adjust the raw materials of the world), would have made collective security more real. You cannot fight the militarist with militarism, because you become like him in the process, and that is the thing he believes in and is

prepared for. To oppose him successfully you must rid his people of their fear that your arms will be used against them, whether by invasion or merely to enforce a permanent inferiority in the way that it has been enforced upon Germany, and to a lesser extent upon Italy and Japan. The inevitable result is that he wants to get to the point where he can use the same threats.

There is only one way to make our diplomats cease to use the mailed fist, and that is to make it quite clear to them that we will refuse to enforce their threats. No other argument will affect them or those who think—or fail to think—like them. If, as I believe, that is the only way to break the vicious circle of armament and counter-armament, it follows that no one should wait for the other fellow to begin.

I shall now be told that even if I am right in supposing that the enemy would be powerless before a pacifist nation, that would not be true if the nation has only enough pacifists to embarrass the conduct of the war, thus causing defeat. That is quite true, and I should be proud indeed to belong to the nation thus defeated. But apart from the fact that the difference between the victor and the vanquished, as far as survival values are concerned, is likely to be even less in the next war than in the last, the real aim of pacifism is that war shall have disappeared from the earth in a few generations. War being the utter absurdity it is, I believe this to be quite possible. To realize that aim is a matter of supreme importance for the human race, compared with which the question as to which nation will prove the more efficient mechanic of death in this generation dwindles into insignificance.

And you cannot avoid war by threats of war. War is due to two sets of factors: economic difficulties and war-psychology. Militarism actually prevents the solution of the economic problems: a perfect example of this can be seen in the present League of Nations which has the machinery to deal with them but is prevented because everybody is thinking in terms of war. The problems have been clearly stated, but nothing is attempted in the way of solution, and everybody is turning to armaments instead. As for war-psychology, no one will deny that it increases with every battleship laid down, with every bombing plane added to the country's strength. It increases both in the arming country and in that against which the armaments are intended. The simple truth is, as men have been told long ago but refuse to understand, that you cannot serve both God and Mammon.



The Canadian Forum

Education in Ontario - Prolegomena

J. S. WILL

IS the Theological Age of our educational history coming to a close? Signs of it are not wanting. But let us beware lest we exchange one abstraction for another, or what would be worse, an idealism for a rank materialism. A Behavioristic Age would not probably be the last age but it would be worse than the first. Let us know what we want. The first step is to find out where we are.

Almost from the time of the earliest serious effort to establish schools in this country until the present the whole policy seems to have been the arrangement of a programme of studies which would consist of one group of subjects leading logically to another group of subjects until the entire programme had been covered. The business of pupils, teachers and hierarchy was the completion of the programme. In at the Common School, out at the University. Boys and girls were regimented in masses for examination after examination, for triumphal marches upon one certificate after another. The whole activity assumed the aspect of a puzzle whose pieces are subjects to be shifted about and put together without any working plan of life to guide their association, without other animating principles than vague shibboleths and empty idealisms, such as "getting on" or "equal advantages for everybody". And that bitter antinomy "compulsory education" meant that all were to be forced to compete for the same advantages on peril of their lives. To be sure a pupil might drop out of the game but, because there was no working plan of life, he dropped into a vacuum, so why not keep right on to the end and then drop into the void prepared for all but the small minority who could enter the professions, or the still smaller minority for whom alone study could possibly be a real pursuit.

Pioneer life develops sudden emergencies which demand sudden remedies. In Ontario a century and more ago there was a very real need, and a very real attempt was made to satisfy it. The need was the crass illiteracy of the population, of such a degree that not only were children growing up without any instruction but many parents had so grown up. Many members of the Legislature (sound men, perhaps) and even chairmen of committees could neither read the Bills presented nor sign their names to minutes and reports. The founding of the Common School was a response to this state of things. From that day almost to this the immediate and imperative needs of the population have not been as seriously consulted, with the partial result that Universities have become congested and their standards corrupted.

Organization of the machinery of higher education preceded that of elementary education by about twenty years. Finally, about the middle of the century, all were unified, 'brought under rule of law', which means that they were welded into one iron system, subordinated to a uniform programme, uniform texts, uniform hours and uniform examinations. As conditions in the country changed, the inflexibility of the system became more and more marked by its resistance to change. Gradually the

fundamental relations of instruction and life were lost from sight, and education, far from taking as its matter Living in its various individual or group manifestations, moved off definitely into the eternities and locked itself up in its fairy palace where it has remained ever since, a Sleeping Beauty.

THE Theological Age had established itself. That is to say education had become a programme of studies with no other goal than the Church primarily, then the learned professions and vague white-collar jobs generally. That had, indeed, been a lost generation if parents had renounced their responsibilities as they, or many of them, have today. Like the philosopher who fell into the ditch while gazing at the stars, our famous system was ditched because like other misguided elements of the time, it had its attention fixed on other conditions than ours, on business other than its own, trying to live into somebody else's life, chiefly that of the United States. Distracted by the glamour of the distant landscape it forgot to watch the road it was travelling and became rigid as a die, cutting out its little patterned men and sending them off to dance before the conflicting phenomena of nature and of society instead of equilibrating them in an ever deepening centrality of character. The system of 1930 is to all intents and purposes that of 1850.

Not one man but two were responsible for this characteristically romantic solution—Strachan and Ryerson. Both were autocrats, differing not so much in quality of mind as in the ideas by which they had been inoculated. The former, determined that the country should have an elite of wealth and, peradventure, of brains, started carving out universities and Grammar Schools. The latter was resolved that willy nilly, brains or no brains, systematic education should be the appanage of every man, that all should be brought to the same fountain and forced to drink in the same cup. Neither of them could think outside the actual terms of his own experience. Both saw the school as the nursery of the Church and, unconsciously, framed their public programmes in the light of their private preoccupations. To avoid such a pitfall an autocrat must be an extremely enlightened man, always a difficult thing but particularly so in the nineteenth century.

BUT justice must be done to Ryerson. He saw that instruction for the many was being neglected in favour of the few. He did recognize that there were farmers and mechanics and housekeepers in Canada, that their numbers would increase and that some recognition of their existence should appear on the programme. But both Ryerson and his successors were too prone to see the syllabus as a cerebral thing not as an agent for the co-ordination of mental and bodily activities, as a collection of subjects to be taught and learned abstractly, not to be lived. Even for Ryerson the aim of a curriculum of studies was an examination not a living mediation into the country's active life. Yet, if his ideas for Model Schools had been carried out in the spirit instead of in the letter, not merely would the contemporary expansion of Vocational Schools have been antici-

pated by almost three-quarters of a century but, it is probable, fewer Canadians would have thought the world made up alone of material objects and many of the errors of that long period would have been avoided.

There was some excuse for these two early giants, which is not wholly valid for their successors, in their overlooking of the multiple claims which even pioneer life presented for consideration to the educational god. The excuse is that industry had not yet renounced its responsibilities. The apprenticeship system was still in operation. Go-getters had not yet begotten the National Policy. Soon, however, forgetting all the background of Canadian resources, big business, gazing on the United States, sneaked out of its responsibilities and fattened on the machine and unskilled labour. It is machinery's circumvention of the human mind that has been disastrous, not what machinery has accomplished otherwise. Only a nineteenth century mind could watch without dismay the apprenticeship system disappear and not think it necessary to provide a substitute. Even the most thorough-going French revolutionists never contemplated such a break with the social and moral order. By that failure of education and of industry two full generations of Canadians had their roots in their native land cut away and many found vitality possible only by expatriation. Thus it was that the Ontario mind, captivated by glittering but hollow gains, was diverted from its natural life, poisoned in the wells of its thought and stunted in its growth. Ryerson had organized a system that worked but it worked too well.

It was not a George Paxton Young nor a John Seath who could deliver what they had not been trained to see and what Ryerson had not seen. They had both been trained by the Theological Age, and Seath hammered in the final rivets by which the ideal mechanical man was made inaccessible to those modifications which might have related him to his Canadian scene. The system fitted in with the idea of big business for it furnished comparatively docile servants.

Once this machine was nicely fitted together, 'brought under rule of law', it hardly ever occurred to anyone to ask—some were recalcitrant—how it corresponded to the Canadian environment and fitted Canadian youth to live a full life in their own land. All discussion centred about taxes, grants, religious teaching, separate schools, co-education, methods for passing pupils, corporal punishment, home-work, and so forth. Enlivening suggestiveness was found in the discussion of a subject to be added, a subject to be deleted, striking off a few minutes, adding a few minutes. Adding an hour or two of sewing or agriculture constituted a revolution. The complete defeatism of such an attitude could not be more clearly revealed than in the serious discussion of the suggestion, which seems like the silly irony of a Dadaist, to equate automobile driving with Latin. Thus education, pseudo-science and big business narrowed the horizon, depopulated the countryside and finally announced that there is nothing in life but habit and the adjustment of gears. There may be nothing but habit in the adjustment of gears but even Behaviorists must now know that there is more to a leaf than chlorophyll, more to language than

word-tests, more to Latin than habit, more to education than teaching, more to mind than reflex-arcs and much in useless knowledge.

For a long time in all this systematization only the top remained flexible enough to respond to the insistent effort of the facts of life to establish vital relations with education. Eventually to the professional Schools within the universities was added a heterogeneous agglomeration of vocational Schools, which made it very difficult for either to maintain its natural character. For now the system was standing on its head or, perhaps better, was swallowing its own tail. Responsible men began seriously to discuss the functions of a university, the organization of super-laboratories. Research Councils were actually brought into being. Universities had done, and had suffered deplorably in the doing, what should have been initiated with the elementary schools in the beginning, if any harmony of individual life or of group life were to be attained.

BECAUSE, if education be anything it is surely the bringing of an immature being, not to formulas, not to isolated facts, but to the relatedness which constitute life and living. The mind may not be isolated any more than the body and the interplay between the two should be constantly sensitive. Deadened senses mean a deadened spirit. In the literal sense of these words, by our educational methods, practices and institutions, a child should be brought to a living experience through the experience of living. For most children this can only be achieved through learning by doing and all children would profit by some contact with arts and handicrafts. Except in this way the child will obtain hardly more than a verbal relation with existence and must remain a wanderer in that obscure and painful area between sophisticated childishness and pathetic immaturity. A large part of the training of children should be directed towards assistance in co-ordinating action and idea. It is the value of the arts that they keep together elements which our system divorces.

I conclude that the greater number of our Public Schools should be converted into Vocational Schools. Great strides have been taken in recent years. Greater must be attempted. Cost? What is spent on cosmetics for a few years. The present Provincial administration has enlisted wide sympathy by an apparently comprehending attitude in this matter. Can it face the issue squarely with a minimum of error?

ADMONITION FOR SPRING

Look away now from the high lonesome hills
So hard on the hard sky since the swift shower,
See where among the restless daffodils
The hyacinth sets his melancholy tower.

Draw in your heart from vain adventurings,
Float slowly, swimmer, slowly drawing breath;
See, in this wild green foam of growing things
The heavy hyacinth remembering death.

JOHN SMALACOMBE.

The Canadian Forum

TORONTO'S CABBAGETOWN

HUBERT GARNER

YOU strike Cabbagetown as soon as you cross Parliament street on the west, or the Don river on the east. Of course, if you cross the river by the Bloor street viaduct you won't find Cabbagetown. The worthy members of Toronto's citizenry who live in the Bloor district would be horrified if you made the mistake of calling their neighborhood by such a prosaic working-class name, even though some of them are just one generation removed from it. For Cabbagetown lies a short mile below the homes which dot the hills of Rosedale. (Why is it that a house in Rosedale is called a "home", while a house in Cabbagetown is just a house, except in obituary columns when it is a "residence". But hardly anyone in Cabbagetown ever hits the obituary columns).

People living east of the river, when mentioning the district, usually say "over the Don" much as a wealthy dowager would say, "Put out the garbage, Simpson." The people who live east of the river in the Riverdale district are working people too, but they wear good suits to work, and then change into overalls. The workers in Cabbagetown can't be bothered changing their clothes like that. They are proud to be recognized as workmen.

The district is blocked off by streets running east and west, north and south. There are numerous little 'places' and 'lanes' interspersed among them, lined by blocks of red brick houses crowding the broken sidewalks into the narrow roads. They are five or six room houses, and are supposedly easy to heat. That is why the landlords refrain from the expense of providing a furnace to heat them. Most of the heat is derived from large coal ranges that spread over half of the small kitchens. The heat from these, which seeps through the clothes-lines, full of work clothes, underwear and socks, is sometimes reinforced by small 'Quebec' heaters in the hall or upstairs rooms. Some of the small parlours are decorated with mid-Victorian bric-a-brac that has survived from the weddings, or holiday trips to Margate or Blackpool, of the parents of the large families that inhabit them.

Most of the residents are English or Scotch, with a few Irish and Canadian families. The Canadian families are usually first generation Canadians of British stock. Lately, there has been a small influx of central Europeans into the district, but they stay in their own little colonies south of Cabbagetown proper. When the sons or daughters marry, they move north or east into better residential districts, leaving their parents in the small houses that they have bravely paid for, or grown attached to.

IN winter Cabbagetown retreats behind the darned-up lace curtains that cover its front windows. The district becomes gray and dreary. The chimneys send up spirals of coal smoke, and this mixes with the gray, hanging atmosphere, to add to the murkiness of the scene. Some of the boys and men shove their two-wheeled wagons down to the gas-works and collect bags of coke from the slag heaps. The women make weekly trips to Queen street or Par-

liament street to spend their relief vouchers. These inadequate vouchers are the chief source and topic of conversation over the back fences, or as parlor jokes. The children go to Park or Dufferin schools, or, if they are Catholics, to St. Paul's school. Most of them wear brown woolen sweaters and gray wool toques. They receive them in 'Star' boxes, that are given to them at Christmas by a Toronto newspaper. The sweaters itch the children's necks, so usually the neck is slit in front with a pair of scissors, and hangs open like a heavy polo shirt.

In the summer most of the young people go swimming in Lake Ontario at the foot of Cherry street, or for walks in Riverdale Park, north of Cabbagetown. The small boys roam the streets in gangs and play Cowboys and Indians down on the railroad tracks. Sometimes they float flimsy-looking rafts up and down the muddy river by means of poles. When they grow older they steal watermelons from freight cars, and scrap-iron from junk yards. If they are caught, they are taken to juvenile court, and are handed over to the Big Brother Movement for safe keeping. This works sometimes, but most of them go back to the gang, or haunt the pool-parlours on Queen street. The girls roam through Riverdale park in the evenings until they are picked up by some of the boys who lounge around the foot-bridge that crosses the narrow river. A lot of the marriages are of the "shot-gun" variety, solemnized when the bride is a couple of months pregnant.

The old people sit on the front steps in the summer evenings, chatting and laughing across the small lawns, or from step to step. The men wear blue work-shirts and wide suspenders, and smoke rank-smelling tobacco in their patched-up pipes. The women cover their ample figures with cotton house-dresses, and mend socks while they talk and joke with their neighbours. On Friday and Saturday nights the men retreat to the 'Avion' or 'Shamrock' beer-parlours, where they argue about the merits or demerits of the Conservative or C.C.F. political parties. They are nearly all ex-soldiers, and when they get drunk they talk of the war. They don't usually speak of it when they are sober.

Sometimes the women hobble over to Parliament street in their unaccustomed cuban-heeled shoes and attend the cheap little neighbourhood movie-houses to see John Boles or Shirley Temple, and collect their free china cup or saucer. On Saturday afternoons the youngsters migrate in hordes to the movies to see Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson in their latest wild-west thrillers. They buy penny candies on the way, and usually manage to stick themselves and everything around with a mixture of chocolate and caramel stickiness.

THE churches of the district hold rummage sales that are well attended by groups of women who mull over the junk-laden counters, to dive victoriously on small items of interest to themselves. The churches and civic authorities combine to bring the people the joys and sorrows of charity. The district is a social workers' paradise, where they tramp from house to house turning on smiles or frowns at will,

and trying to spread their own ideas of happiness to the people, who want work and not advice.

The people get orders for clothes at the relief office. These are taken down to the central clothing depot and are filled by a man behind a wooden partition, who glances at the order form and retreats behind rows of high shelves. The room smells like an army quarter-master's stores, and the recipients line up in front of the wicket. There are benches around the walls where shoes may be tried on. These are unnecessary as none of the shoes ever fit. The attendant ties up the order in brown wrapping paper and the recipient hurries from the office and down the street, looking straight ahead until he is clear of the neighbourhood.

Some of the girls bid their boy friends good night under the corner street lights. They tell them that their parents won't allow them to bring boys home, but it is because they are ashamed of their shabby little homes, and the front room where their father holds sway in front of the radio in his stocking-feet.

In summer time the streets are criss-crossed with various household smells, usually the inevitable beef stew. Ever since the advent of the voucher system of relief, there has been a great increase in the making of beef stews in Cabbagetown. Hamburger steak is cheap, and when mixed with vegetables makes a fairly palatable meal which is filling, if not an epicurean dainty. The only drawback is that the meat voucher serves for only one or two meals; hence the relief recipients are practising vegetarians most of the week. Before the advent of vouchers the people had to go to the relief office and carry the week's supply of groceries to their homes. The variety of food was figured scientifically by well-fed dieticians and contained a large amount of oatmeal and beans. Some of the people are still eating the oatmeal they received a year or two ago. Some of it was used to light stoves, but it choked the stove-pipes.

Every year Dufferin school old boys hold their annual reunion, and old Cabbagetowners come down from Forest Hill and Rosedale to make speeches and meet each other. They always refer to their younger days in Cabbagetown, and beam around the banquet halls as if to say, "and look at me now". They all claim pride at being old Cabbagetowners, but they never stop in the district more than once or twice a year. Then it is usually to attend an eviction from one of the small houses that they own.

THE evictions are lots of fun for everybody. That is everybody but the evicted householder and the bailiffs who are doing the evicting. Sometimes gangs of neighbours come around and carry the furniture back into the house as fast as the bailiffs carry it out.

The women of Cabbagetown deserve honourable mention. It is they who keep the men and children respectable. They are the washers of tattered shirts, the scrubbers of bare flooring, and the hangers of flimsy curtains. What more can be said of a working woman than that she kept her home clean, her husband fed, and her children happy? And she has done this under the stress and strain of unemployment, poverty, oppression, squalor, sickness and death.

BEHIND the front windows of Cabbagetown lies drama, pathetic or shocking. There are innumerable quarrels and bickerings, drunken fights, sordid tragedies. There are the quarrels of worn-out parents with their idle and blasé sons and daughters, who, unable to find work, must needs lie about the house all day sunk in cynical boredom. There are the sordid fights of father and son over petty trifles that shatter their weary nerves. There are the tragic arguments over the birth of illegitimate children to the unmarried daughter of the household, who has reached too far toward happiness that comes of love-making, and been caught in its web. For love is cheap everywhere. It costs nothing, and costing nothing is the one thing within the reach of all the young. And if the young girls and boys spend their evening hours making love, who can blame them, and what else is there to do?

There is love in Cabbagetown. There is the all-sacrificing love of a mother for her children. Children who grow thin and puny in front of her eyes. Children who go to school in rummage-sale clothes, and clothes cut down from her own. Children who never eat oranges, or go for walks with well-dressed parents. Who never have ridden on a boat, or eaten crackly-nut at Sunnyside. There is the love of children for parents who sit around stoves in the winter and on the steps in the summer, fading away, old before their time. People who a few years ago were the ones who sat next to you on the picnic ship to Port Dalhousie, who rented the cottage next to you at Bala, or crowded you over the record counter at Eaton's or Kresges. They no longer pack huge baskets with food, and drag the five youngest children to the Sunday school picnic. They no longer save all winter to rent a cottage for two weeks in the summer. They no longer shop downtown; the neighbourhood stores take their vouchers.

There is sickness in Cabbagetown. A lot of sickness. People who live mainly on potatoes and bread are easy prey for sickness. People who are forced to keep the heat on only during the day are targets for influenza and pneumonia. People who live five and six in a room are very susceptible to germs of all kinds. People who lie awake at night scratching bed bug bites are easily infected.

There is honour in Cabbagetown. It is strange, but it shows what kind of people live there. Most of them still honour God. Some honour the King. A few the government. Nearly all honour their parents, their children and their friends. They themselves deserve honour.

In some of the houses of Cabbagetown there is squalour. Not in all the houses, but in some. It is that kind of squalour shown by bare board floors or worn out linoleum. It is apparent in torn wall paper and fly-specked ceilings. It is noticeable in pieces of dry bread on tables, and filmy milk bottles half full of souring milk. There are dark faded curtains hanging between the living-room and the front room which is turned into a bedroom. It contains an iron bedstead covered with a clean patchwork quilt. Everyone eats in the kitchen. The teapot has a broken spout. The stove glows red in places where the packing has long ago burnt out. The back yard is filled with a motley collection of old two-wheeled wagons, lard tins and rusty wire.

Some of the houses have signs hanging in front

of them, reading, Cartage and Express, Seamstress—Work Reasonable, Curtains Washed and Stretched, and Odd Jobs Done. I sometimes read letters in the newspapers about the people on relief not wanting to work.

THERE are school yards and playgrounds in Cabbagetown, but they close up at nine o'clock at night. The parks and playgrounds that are open all the time are used by young couples as natural parking places, to take the place of non-existent parlours and chesterfields. They find all the dark corners and there they spoon, laugh and giggle.

Most of the houses have no bath tubs. Nearly everyone bathes in a wash tub on the kitchen floor or goes to the community baths on Sackville street. People who have no wash tubs, or are sick or too old to go to the bath house, go swimming, or go without a bath. You can still be clean no matter how poor you are. Oh yeah.

In the summer some of the men play quoits or bean-bag in the parks, or play bridge, euchre or rummy on park benches. Some of the young men play baseball or soccer in Riverdale Park. A large number of the people escape the summer heat by walking down to the beach at the foot of Cherry street. Others are weak, they just sit.

Groups of town-planners, architects, clergymen, and public-spirited people have been seen walking carefully down the dusty streets of late. There is an embryo movement on foot to clear Cabbagetown of its slums. The people who live there don't like it. What is to become of them when the slums are cleared? They will only have to move into other slums. And when the new houses are built, how can they move back into them. They have no money. It will indeed be a miracle if they are taken back into the new houses for the amount of money that the government now allows for rent. They have no visions of a clean, beautiful district for them. They are not ruled by grandiose illusions as to their status. They have not been at the mercy of relief officers for four and five years for nothing. They think that this slum clearance scheme is one to make the sight of poor districts easier on the eyes of the beholder. The new houses will cause the slum-dwellers to move and scatter or, if the undreamt-of happens, the new houses will hide the squalour that lies beneath their masonry. In neither case is the Cabbagetowner satisfied.

AT any rate it will soon pass. Some of the old inhabitants will remember its old land-marks with feelings of regret. There will be jovial eulogies made at commencement dinners and old-boys reunions. The dirty-faced little cherubs will play on other streets, in other parts of the city. The old people will move to their children's homes, or to the old people's homes. Men will still pick coke, and children die of malnutrition. Women will still bravely hang out white lace curtains, and make beef stew. Cabbagetown will pass, but it will live on and on, arm in arm with the cause, poverty. Until poverty is ended there will always be a Cabbagetown. It might move up to Rosedale.

FABLE . . .

In the Nineteenth Century Idiom

RICHARD POOR

THERE was a young man who wished to become a great writer, and he sought counsel of his daimon.

"I will bring you," said the daimon, "the seven spirits who hold the seven great secrets of writing." So the room was suddenly darkened, and there appeared before the young man's eyes a gigantic figure in purple.

"I give you," said this figure, "confidence in your own genius. All artists must have in them the spirit of Prometheus, ready to defy anything to associate form with fire. I give you independence and revolt, refusal to compromise with the world, the dignity of the creator."

He vanished, and there stood in his place a figure of similar size, but dressed in red.

"I add to your first gift," said he, "the contempt for the mediocre and the shallow, a fierce, ascetic hatred for the facile. I give you the saeva indignatio, the artist's horror of a world in hell."

Then appeared a colorless figure, very hard to see clearly.

"My gift confers on you," said he, "the artist's power to reflect. The artist's work is privileged work, and you must have leisure. I give you inert, passive recipience, the response of the sensitive artistic mind."

Then a small, crouching figure, dressed in gold, bearing a small book in his hand.

"I give you this book," he said, "and in it you are to set down every fleeting impression, every sketch of an idea. Nothing is too trivial to pass unnoticed; I give you the persistence to record."

Then another crouching figure, in green.

"From me," said this one, "you will gain an additional power of recording, the power to imitate others in order to surpass them. I give you the capacity for catching every great master's accents."

Then a rotund figure richly dressed.

"You have from me," he said, "the sense of varied experience. I give you the artist's ecstasy in eating, drinking and loving. I will make you good company, and men will be glad to see you at their tables."

The last figure was female and nude.

"Not only must you experience life," said she, "but you must be fearless in recording it. I give you the artist's grip of the reality of sexual life, his sense of the directness of living which the vulgar shun, and which makes his work obscene in their eyes."

"Do you want anything more?" asked the daimon.

"Hardly," said the young man. "But what are the names of your spirits?"

"I do not know what they call one another," said the daimon, "but in the world at large they are usually referred to as Pride, Wrath, Sloth, Avarice, Envy, Gluttony, and Lechery."

Jack Humphrey -- Painter

WALTER ABELL

AS a gull would fly, it is only eighty miles from Jack Humphrey's home in St. John, New Brunswick, to mine in Nova Scotia, yet I had lived for five years in the Maritime Provinces before I even heard his name. Then someone asked me if I had ever seen any of his work. It was "very modern" my informant said. He would have liked to know what I thought of it.

The chance came a year later, in the spring of 1934, when I ran upon a Humphrey exhibition at Mt. Allison University. It was "very modern" indeed. Even for me, after early studies in Philadelphia within range of the hundred Renoirs, the hundred Cézannes, and other modern works of the Barnes Foundation, and after two years subsequently spent in Paris, the first impact was not without its shock and questioning. Something was here of the fauves—a brusque indifference to amenities, a bluntness that one was tempted to think deliberate and that struck one like a dash of salt water in the face.

The following autumn brought me an opportunity to look up Humphrey in St. John. A tall, well built man in the early thirties, reserved of manner, reticent of speech, hesitant in social contacts. His studies, I learned, had been carried on for two years at the Boston Museum School and subsequently for five more years at the National Academy of Design in New York. Still later, he had spent a year in Europe, dividing it for the most part between Paris, Munich, and travels in Italy.

I wanted to see pictures and as there were few at his studio—a great bare room above Holman's Colonial Book Shop on King Street—he took me to his home. There he brought me pictures in piles: water colors mostly unmounted, canvasses without stretchers. Soon the double parlors of the ample turn-of-the-century house were walled with pictures set against chairs and on the tops of book-cases; carpeted with pictures spread on the floor. Still lifes, scenes in and around St. John, landscapes, and portrait studies made up the greater portion of the repertoire so far as concerned types of subject-matter.

With so much to see, my observations were limited to first impressions. Chiefly I was occupied in selecting things to take back with me for an exhibition at Acadia University. But now and again the first impression was of a world illumined with harmony. I felt the little inner singing of delight by which intuitive perception outstrips critical judg-

ment and approval.

Back home, the serious work began. The first problem in my case, when I got down to it, was not whether the work was too modern, but whether it was modern enough—whether it bespoke a personal experience amidst the modernism which, in the larger centers at least, is already recognized as part of the "great tradition." There were obvious reminiscences of Cézanne and Matisse; at times of Van Gogh.

NO artist, of course, is independent of influences, nor could go far unless he were carried forward on the wave of some tradition. Those painters of today who show no influence of the French moderns usually show the influence of earlier periods. They are Impressionists, with their source of inspiration somewhere near Monet; mayhap they linger still further back over the silvery vision of the père Corot. It would certainly seem less promising of significant work to be dependent upon an earlier past than upon a more recent one by which the other has already been succeeded. Better for Humphrey, then, to follow Cézanne and Matisse than Monet or Corot. He has studied the lessons of his generation. But the vital follower of any tradition must build upon it with a personal significance. Is Humphrey a creative modern or only an imitator of moderns?

The brush drawing of railway tracks reproduced with this article reminded me of Van Gogh. I hung repro-

ductions of Van Gogh drawings beside it. To my mind, it stood the test. If there was something learned from Van Gogh, there was something else not copied—a simplification and breadth, an intensity and daring, sprung hardy from an individual mind. The greater portion of Humphrey's work shows even less stylistic influence than this example. I came eventually to the conviction that it possesses the first requisite to creative standing: individuality.

What about the second: significant organization? An artist may have individual experience to express and yet lack the ability to express it. Before his experience can become art, he must achieve a synthesis between the world to which he responds, the feeling through which he responds, and the materials in which his response is to be embodied. He must bring into the complex realm of creative activity a sensitiveness to all the elements present; a



JACK HUMPHREY: RAILWAY TRACK (Brush Drawing)
In the collection of Mrs. Mary Kinley Ingraham

power of reducing them to order and harmony or what the critic calls "form."

On this point, I was convinced from the first. Humphrey's work is marked by formal achievement of a high order. Take as an example our second illustration, the crayon drawing of a square in St. John. Since it is a crayon drawing, crayon and paper must play their part; the medium must be allowed to cooperate in the project. Lines, surfaces, lights and darks, are present. They must be brought together into significant design. But the design in this case is not abstract. It incorporates the meanings resident in tilted roofs, out-of-the-way quiet, trees in air. And finally it is conditioned by a personality: the personality of the artist who felt and then gave forth. Before the picture can have significant form, all these must melt and fuse—and then emerge in a new and complete pictorial unity.

THEY do so perfectly. What sensitive feeling for the medium! The crystalline whites of the paper fairly glow between the velvety touches of dark crayon. What subtle balance and elusive rhythm! What nice feeling for the huddled houses and their relation to the preciousness of space before them; space framing their pride—a tree! I see no element present, whether it be the uncovered paper or a line or the arrangement of parts or the expression of feeling, which does not take its place gently and beautifully in an ordered whole. That is "form." That is art.

Two types of formal beauty are particularly characteristic of Humphrey's work. In the first, the form is rough-hewn; blocked out, it seems, in an intense preoccupation with the structure of design and a relative obliviousness to detail. In an oil landscape before me, trees, hills, roadway, and farm houses are little more than bold masses of color. Yet looked at in the large, they follow each other with the sweep of an unfurling banner. Such pictures are like cataracts that deafen us if we go too close and at the same time awe us by their power. Their beauty lies in their very ruggedness; in the sense which they convey of elemental force and rude creative energy. And is there not a bond between them and the wilderness which still makes up the hinterland of Canada? We sense here one of those affinities which give to art the character of a race, a land, or an epoch.

In Humphrey's more carefully finished works, particularly in certain still lifes, ruggedness gives way to a different quality. There is less urgency and more repose. Instead of power, it is equilibrium that sets the key. Form still, but form carried beyond the stage of vigorous attack into that of

achieved security. All holds its place in quiet interplay. The exhilaration of conquest gives way to the calm of fulfilment.

To a certain degree our two drawings illustrate these two types of effect: the first alive with dash, the second more delicately meditated. In neither case, it should be added, does the reproduction do full justice to the original.

In technical resources, Humphrey's production is richly varied. I have before me five water colors. No two are alike in treatment. One is tapestry of pale colors, lyric in its flute-like delicacy. In another, the color seems to have been scrubbed over a heavy charcoal drawing. Still another trembles with the splash of a full brush. Yet all are internally consistent. Each has its form. Each ends in harmony. Indeed I have seen very few of Humphrey's works, even among what he calls his "studio sweepings," that did not impress me as aesthetically genuine at the core. Some may go farther than others in their formal quest, but all are at least the beginnings of a genuine experiment in visual organization.

The concern for formal significance which recommends Humphrey to the critic, renders him unintelligible to the greater portion of the public and to his more academically-minded colleagues. Failing to see that paper may function in a drawing or fluidity be vital in a water color, giving little thought to the subtler phases of organization and looking only for the reproduction of familiar objects or the repetition of accepted formulas of beauty, they are shocked by what seems to them Humphrey's distortion of nature or his disregard for tradition. As a result he has faced a crushing measure of indifference and rejection, and not a little active opposition.

HE has, of course, had his successes, notable among them the purchase of a flower piece by the Hon. Vincent Massey. But such encouragements have been rare. Compared to his production, he has been able to sell comparatively few pictures. Many of the ones sold have gone at prices nearer those of reproductions than originals. An artist cannot make a living under such circumstances and Humphrey does not make a living. He lacks adequate materials for his work. He is forced to paint on both sides of most of his papers and canvases. Such conditions are not healthy ones for the maturing of talent or the promotion of maximum accomplishment.

Needless to say, these barriers to creative expression in art are common to many times and places. The same thing happens in Toronto and



JACK HUMPHREY: SQUARE IN ST. JOHN (Crayon Drawing)
In a private collection

New York; happened all through the great nineteenth century in Paris. Van Gogh sold only one picture during his lifetime. After twenty years of devoted labor, Cezanne was still unable to support himself by his art. Still earlier in Amsterdam, the Dutch had condemned Rembrandt to poverty because he gave them works of art instead of colored photographs. This has never been, or has been only at rare moments and places, a world in which spiritual accomplishment met with reward. The rewards most often go to those who please or flatter, not to those who serve.

But it would be splendid, with the growing recognition of the importance of art for life, if a nation like Canada could find a means of substantially encouraging—and it would take so little to do it—those of its younger artists who give promise of creative leadership. Among such artists I should place Jack Humphrey high on the list.

And I believe that he is an artist of a type particularly necessary to the development of Canadian

painting at the present time. Although my knowledge of contemporary Canadian work is far from exhaustive, those exhibitions which I have visited seemed to me to show a strong leaning toward decorative pattern as the predominant trait of style. Such pattern is delightful in its place, and provides an excellent foundation for the beginnings of a tradition because it emphasizes clean-cut design. But decorative design is rarely ultimate design. The relations which it organizes are too few and too obvious to carry maximum aesthetic significance. In the greatest art, design is of a more complex and elusive kind, sensed rather than seen, irreducible to any obvious pattern.

Humphrey's form is of this subtler type, and thus comes closer to the ultimate possibilities of pictorial art. In its structural vigor, its ruggedness, its sounding of the depths, it provides precisely the kind of influence necessary to prevent decorative charm from becoming a stylistic convention—a convention which would sever Canadian art from the vitality of the unconquered wilderness beyond.

A Defence of Chisellers

MARTIN M. COHN

THE heroic onslaughts of determined and high-minded relief administrators against those who are fraudulently cluttering up the relief rolls is again receiving prominence in the public press. A person may get on, or keep on, the relief rolls fraudulently—'chiselling' is the technical term—in either of two ways: by refusing to accept work when it is offered to him; or by misrepresenting his actual situation so as to conceal resources the possession of which would make him ineligible for relief, i.e. the possession of a bank account, a job, etc. What are the facts of the situation? Regular statements are issued as to the number of unemployed who are or should be put off relief for chiselling. Frequent headlines and other statements indicate that there are numbers of jobless who refuse to accept work. These statements are, however, too indefinite to allow for any real analysis of the situation. Are there any facts?

The Research Division of the United States Federal Emergency Relief Administration decided to get some facts on this situation. During the summer of 1935 they conducted a series of six studies in communities where allegations that the unemployed refused to accept work were particularly numerous. Two industrial cities, one non-industrial city, one southern city, a rural area, and a berry picking centre were included. The report is issued in pamphlet form and summarized in a number of social work periodicals. The following is taken from *Social Work Today* and the *Survey* Midmonthly.

All failures to report for jobs upon notification were counted as refusals. A total of 943 such failures to report were investigated. Information was obtained by careful interviews with state and local employment offices, social agencies, hospitals, prospective employers, leading citizens; and a study

of relevant records. Among the reasons given for failure to report for work were—person already employed, illness, person needed to care for home, failure to understand that work on work relief project could be dropped for a job in 'regular industry', and a variety of other similar extenuating circumstances. There were also refusals because of sub-standard wages and working conditions offered, danger of jeopardizing union status by accepting sub-union standards, and similar situations. In the opinion of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration investigators, only 20 of the 943 'refusals' investigated were unjustified.

WHEN a large number of unemployed failed to report for Works Progress Administration jobs in Virginia, the State Emergency Relief Administration decided to investigate some 5,000 cases. Eighty-two per cent. of cases were "failures to report" rather than "refusal to work". The bulk of these were due to employment on temporary jobs at the moment, need for service in the home, illness, failure to receive notice, and similar circumstances. A handful were in jail. Only 27 people failed to report because of weather conditions. Of the remainder, who refused, a large number did so because of the distance of the project from the home and lack of funds for transportation. Three per cent. were dissatisfied with the wages offered. Only 2½ per cent. were reported as indifferent or antagonistic to working on the jobs offered.

Studies made in other places indicate a great variety of circumstances surrounding so-called fraud by misrepresentation of the resources of applicants for relief. In Chicago a special Bureau within the relief administration was set up to deal with such cases. It was found that only a few were outright

cases of deliberate intent to defraud requiring prosecution.

This data points to the conclusion that there is no real justification for the startling statements about chisellers among the unemployed. These facts bear out, and are in turn underlined by, the everyday experiences of social workers on the front line of relief administration and social case work services. It is the experience of these workers that on the whole the people do not want to go on relief, and that they do want work. It also is their experience that the unemployed are an average cross section of the community, no worse, and no better, than those of us who happen to be fortunate enough to have held our jobs. Fraud is after all a matter of point of view. Successful evasion of the customs and failure to put a ticket in the fare box are attended with a certain amount of social esteem. No doubt Americans regard the famous walk of that eminent Canadian heroine, Laura Secord, as something of a fraud. Many of us have at times refused 'unsuitable' jobs because of fear of losing the skills needed for our regular work, loss of social prestige, low standards and unsatisfactory conditions, and similar reasons. The most serious factor in the situation is not the existence of large numbers of chisellers, but the statements which are creating that impression in the community. It is a most dangerous state of affairs when the idea is accepted that once a man becomes unemployed he becomes shiftless, dishonest, and lazy. It is a most dangerous state of affairs when, through no fault of their own, one tenth of the population are to be put on a level lower than the rest of us and labelled as chisellers. After all, "but for the Grace of God there go you and I".

It may seem that the refusal to accept a job by a man on relief because of substandard wages and working conditions, or possible loss of union status, is not to be regarded as justifiable. The small number of 'unjustifiable refusals' reported in the studies outlined above would therefore be somewhat increased. One of the things we take for granted is that a man is free to accept or reject work as he wishes. (The fact that in reality he is not, does not alter the validity of the principle for the present argument). To refuse this right to a man simply because he is unemployed is a dangerous tampering with civil liberties, perhaps even more serious than those regulations which are said to be aimed at depriving those on relief of the right to vote or hold public office.

One more question remains—are the findings given above applicable to Canada as well as to the United States. There are two possibilities, either they are applicable, or they are not. This places us on the horns of a real dilemma. If the conclusions of these studies, that the great majority of people on relief are just as decent and honest, and no greater chisellers than the rest of us, do not apply to Canada, then our unemployed must be much lazier, more shiftless, dishonest, and generally on a far lower moral level than those in the States. No Canadian public man can admit this! If the conclusions of these studies do apply, then the statements concerning the honesty of the Canadian unemployed which have appeared are unjustified aspersions on their integrity! Conditions in Canada are not, after all, basically different from those in

the United States. Sociologically we are, on the whole, rather one of the frontiers of American development. There is no reason to believe that these findings would not apply to Canada as well as to the States. The every day observation of Canadian Social Workers bears this out fully. The great majority of people who come to social agencies for some form of assistance dread the idea of going on relief. Those who are out of work beg for a job.

THIS suggests a third possibility. Perhaps there are chisellers on relief because the investigations carried on by relief administrations are not adequate, and large numbers of chisellers who exist among the employed are thus allowed, and even by inference invited, to go on relief. It is high time someone asked the question—if there are so many chisellers on relief, why were they allowed to get on? Would it not be more efficient to have an effective investigation in the first place, rather than these periodic purges? Does the continued necessity for periodic purges not indicate continued ineffectiveness in a relief administration?

One final point does emerge. There is definite need in Canada for a study, to be conducted by trained and competent investigators, to get at the facts with regard to chisellers on relief. It is my opinion that such a study would vindicate completely the integrity of our unemployed in comparison with the rest of us Canadians.

Beggars I Have Known

A. M. KLEIN

GET along very well with beggars. Perhaps it is because they feel that I shall soon be one of them.

Whenever I pass a panhandler on the street he buttonholes me. Even when I say, No, I can't spare a dime, he never feels resentful. He knows I am telling the truth, even if I am wearing a new suit.

But when I have the change I give it to them. I am not one of those who go around making nasty remarks about beggars just because their mouths smell of beer. I know that when a fellow has only a nickel to his name he would rather, and it's much wiser, too, spend it on a glass of beer, than on a cup of dishwater. Coffee just washes your insides and keeps you awake, whereas beer fills you, tickles your guts and makes you drowsy. It's easier to sleep on hard benches that way, and besides, if your mouth smells of beer the flies don't fly into it when you're asleep with it open.

I remember once when I had a dime between myself and hunger, I thought of how to spend it. If I bought something to eat, I figured, I would be hungry again in no time and would have to walk the streets with an aching belly. So I went into a cheap movie and for four hours forgot all about my hunger, except now and again when I saw on the screen how the rich eat.

There is a man on our street, an old Jew, who lives in the Home for the Aged. Every day, except Saturday, you can see him walking around the block with his eyes glued to the sidewalk looking for cigarette butts. He keeps the butts in regular cigarette boxes which he picks up in the gutter. Whenever I see him nosing around for his butts, I always give

him a brand-new cigarette; sometimes I don't notice him until he turns the corner, and then I run after him to give him his smoke. He always takes my cigarette and then blesses me. I should live to an old age: I should be rich: I should have pleasure from my children. I always feel good when I leave him, because he blesses with so much heart, caressing my shoulder at each blessing, as if he was loading them on my back.

I told him he could pick up a lot of butts outside the Arena on wrestling nights, because the fans go out to have a smoke between bouts and always at midnight there are hundreds of butts on the sidewalk. As a matter of fact, once when I was coming home from a show downtown at twelve o'clock, and walked up by way of Fletcher's Field, a beggar walked up with us and stopped at the Arena to pick up these butts. But the old Jew tells me he can't get out of the Home for the Aged after eight o'clock.

THERE is a beggar who rings our door-bell on Mondays. To tell the truth I never saw him ring it and I often wonder how he does it because the fingers of both his hands are all chopped off. My mother gives him a nickel—we're poor, too—and he grabs it off with his palms and with the stubs that are left of his fingers. When my brother, who is eating dinner, asks my mother who it was at the door, she always tells him, and begins to describe the buttons of flesh where the fingers should be, and my brother says, Can't you see I'm eating?

I know all the beggars of our city personally. Most of them are real beggars, but some of them are fakes. There are a couple of guys, for example, who patrol Peel and St. Catherine Street, who are nothing more than racketeers and who, if they are ever found out, will give begging a bad name. These fellows get themselves a pair of returned soldier buttons, and every time they nab a customer they flash the badge and say something about a country fit for heroes to live in. But Tommy Kinsella, on Place d'Armes Square, who is a real returned soldier, lost his badge and all he can show are two sawed-off legs. Everybody pities him, however, when he tries to get on a street car.

He's a funny case, too, this Tommy. He doesn't seem to mind his stumps so very much, but he's always complaining about getting T.B. because his nose is so near the ground. I suppose you get that way, from trouble.

Then take Steve Szopik. He is the fellow who hangs around our factory and runs messages. Occasionally he gets a sandwich and a Coca Cola. Now he's been trying to break into the beggar game for years. But he can't do it. He just can't get a license. No pull. Everything is politics.

On the other hand, a snob like Burke—the violinist in front of Christ Church Cathedral—has all kinds of pull, and gets a license, and one of the best spots in town. Stuck-up! That's not the word for it. He calls himself a mendicant.

IT'S the blind beggars who are really handicapped. When you're blind and a beggar you can't run after your clientele; it just passes you by. It doesn't even feel embarrassed. You're blind.

And they can throw into your box whatever they feel like throwing. You can't ever know.

I just can't see old man Rosenbloom. He is blind and is led around by his little boy. He wears dark

glasses and carries pencils in his hand. It's the idea of the pencils that I can't get. I imagine that if you are blind you are entitled to charity without giving away presents. Apart from the expense, it's foolish. What does he want, his patrons to write him a letter?

So, as I am saying, I get along swell with beggars. They remember that when I had money I was no piker. They tell me all their secrets: Why the doorstep of some churches are more profitable than others; what restaurants throw you out, and which ones give you a hand; how to approach elderly ladies and how to tackle young slickers; where the book-makers are, and what time the barbutte finishes, and the winners come out; how to feel the denomination of coins; what words to open up your plea with, and what phrases to leave out when the giver doesn't seem to pay any attention; when to talk clearly, and when to mumble; when to be bold and when to be humble; what districts have dogs in their porches; how to shake a coin-cup so that it should make the greatest amount of noise with the least danger of the coins falling out; and numberless other tricks of the trade.

As a matter of fact, they have often asked me to become one of them. They don't mind a little extra competition if it comes from a decent fellow, and they lead me to believe that I am such a fellow. They tell me, too, that it is a very happy profession, that you are out in the open all day, that you have no overhead expense, and that you can never be laid off because you are working for yourself. They've planned a union for beggars, but have found it impossible. It's a capitalistic society, they say. But even without a union, one can make a nice living. You can't strike in your trade, I said. People would be happy if you quit work. Would they, though? they said. A rich man can't live without a beggar. He needs him to protect his conscience.

SO they were trying to persuade me to join their ranks. My wife wouldn't stand for it, I said. She always talks about beggars in a sad voice, and gets herself weepy about armless sleeves and folded trouser legs and empty sockets and men with dumb, pitiable expressions.

That's nothing, they said. For us to be blind or crippled is only a school degree, like a doctor's or a lawyer's. That's the way we hang out our shingle. Our superiority over those who give us money is this: they still pity us, but we have stopped pitying ourselves.

Anyway, I said, I'll think about it.

I have been thinking about it. But I am afraid to broach the subject to my wife. I know that she will begin to cry. She is too proud. And I, too, am afraid that I can't afford to take this step—I have no ailments, I am not blind, I am not crippled, I am perfectly healthy. Only I am poor; and that's like being blind and crippled. Worse, because you feel helpless without any excuse. But I can't become a beggar; I can't learn to stop pitying myself.



Wyndham Lewis: Anti-Spenglerian

H. N. FRYE

THE recent death of Oswald Spengler raises the issue of how far the influence of that thinker has penetrated into the English-speaking world. *The Decline of the West* is a book often used and seldom referred to, frequently quoted and rarely acknowledged. Its theses have become inseparable from our present modes of thinking: the theory of the organic growth of cultures, the maturation of our own and its historical parallelism with the Roman Empire, the distinction between culture and civilization; all this is as much taken for granted today as the libido or the dinosaur. But few people who parrot these ideas have any notion of their source, and as of course no "pessimist" can possibly be left unanswered, many of those who have read Spengler have attacked him. Of these attacks, probably the most important in English is that in Wyndham Lewis' *Time and Western Man*, and an analysis of Wyndham Lewis' thought will provide an excellent opportunity for seeing how unwelcome and yet how irresistible the arguments of an original thinker can be.

Wyndham Lewis was one of the group of experimental writers who appeared just before the war, his most notable ally being Ezra Pound. The war, in which he served, interrupted his career at the beginning, but by 1919 he had established himself as novelist, painter and polemical writer. After several years of silence, he produced a treatise on political theory, *The Art of Being Ruled*, following it by its literary and philosophical complement, *Time and Western Man*. From these two books his other long treatises radiate as more specialized applications of his attitude.

The Industrial Revolution, says Lewis, ushered in a new form of society. Industrial technique entails incredibly rapid movement and development, which produces a society accustomed to regard incessant metamorphosis as normal. This stereotype of thought Lewis calls "revolutionary", and its most direct symbol is the advertisement. *The Art of Being Ruled* is devoted to showing that the imminent collapse of this form of society will result in something more stable and permanent, probably an economic world-order governed by dictatorships, as ruling is the work of a professional ruler, not of a population in general. In 1931 Lewis singled out Hitler as a symptom of this Caesarian birth.

THE democratic form of society depends for its stability on the creation of stereotypes of mass-thinking, mass-entertainment, mass-action. It depends, in other words, on a wholesale vulgarizing of the creative activity of art, the speculative activity of philosophy, the exploring activity of science. Industry vulgarizes science: man believes himself to be living in a scientific age because he can play with toys like radios and automobiles, which he could not have acquired without science; and it is only in this "popular mechanics" form that science really reaches him. Politics vulgarizes philosophy: Darwin's thesis of the survival of the fit becomes the excuse for massed murder, Spengler presses philosophical concepts into a counsel of a reactionary fatal-

ism. So the ordinary man gets hold of philosophy only in the forms of social stereotypes. Nietzsche, Sorel, Spengler and Freud, Lewis regards as vulgarizers of philosophical and scientific ideas. A precisely similar process goes on in art. Instead of the genuinely creative work of the rare and isolated genius, we find his techniques imitated by shrewd and clever craftsmen, who swarm together in schools, movements, tendencies, groups, and generally in what Lewis calls phalansteries. These cliques, who are naturally on their guard to see that no real genius is given a hearing, vulgarize art into movements which become, like vulgarized science and philosophy, essentially political phenomena. Lewis' two novels are satires on these herd-artists. *Tarr*, its scene laid in the cultural underworld of Paris, is built around the antithetical figures of Tarr, the genuine artist, and Kreisler, the typical parasite and charlatan. *The Apes of God* shifts the scene to London. A Greek called Zagreus (the god of the Orphic initiation) leads a vacuous moron, Daniel Boylen, through a kind of katabasis in which he is exposed to all sides of this vast interlocking arty "public", of the "Bohemian" variety, of people with private incomes who make hobbies of art, music, literature and revolutionary politics. Lewis' world is essentially that of Antic Hay and the biting London scenes of *Women in Love*.

The larger pattern behind this many sided attack emerges in *Paleface*. Lewis regards the cult of sensibility preceding the French Revolution, and a similar cult preceding the Russian Revolution, as respectively the beginning and end of a fairly homogeneous cultural development, usually called romanticism in its earlier stages and impressionism in its later, which was throughout the product of nineteenth-century bourgeois society. Perhaps its most persistent characteristic is primitivism, the sentimental admiration, by a sterile and senile society, of the untamed, the unexplored, the uncultivated, the amorphous. All this is breaking down, the Great War having hastened its collapse and provoked a reaction which in the plastic arts is generally called "expressionism". In his latest book, *Men Without Art*, Lewis outlines the essential theories of expressionism in regard to literature. Music, the great time art, is breaking down with the time philosophy, and literature will be forced more and more toward a plastic ideal. It will approach its subjects from the outside; it will tend to abandon poetry, which depends on rhythm and movement, for prose, and will be satiric rather than lyrical. Painting under impressionism has dissolved in a mist of "atmosphere", and rigorous formal outline, more like that of the Egyptian or the Chinese, will replace the naturalistic humanism characteristic of the Hellenic tradition, which we have inherited.

When Lewis comes to deal with Spengler in *Time and Western Man*, it is noteworthy that, in spite of his abusive tirade, he is not primarily concerned with the objective truth or falsehood of Spengler's theory of the organic growth of cultures. He says:

To say that I disagree with Spengler would

be absurd. You cannot agree or disagree with such people as that: you can merely point out a few of the probable reasons for the most eccentric of their spasms, and if you have patience—as I have—classify them. That, I think, I have done enough.

This is of considerable significance. How does one find out the reasons for other people's spasms, and on what principles does one classify them?

LEWIS attacks Spengler, not as an individual, but as a symptom of a cultural consciousness. The whole importance of Lewis as a thinker lies precisely in his perception of the unity of that cultural consciousness (or, as Pareto calls it, a "psychic state"). The underlying postulate of Lewis' argument, which he takes so completely for granted that he does not bother to formulate it, is that a given society produces the philosophy, art, literature, politics and religion appropriate to it. Lewis apparently denies this as a general principle. But the whole first part of *Time and Western Man* assumes the interconnection of the time philosophies of Bergson and Spengler, the will-to-power attitudes of Sorel, Marinetti and Nietzsche, the stream of consciousness technique of Proust, Joyce and Stein, the political development of imperialism and nationalism leading to fascism, and more superficial phenomena like Charlie Chaplin and Anita Loos. He says, of course:

This essay is among other things the assertion of a belief in the finest type of mind, which lifts the creative impulse into an absolute region free of Spenglerian 'history' or politics.

But Lewis has never treated a single great literary figure in this absolute way; everyone he has ever dealt with has been examined from the cultural-consciousness point of view. And of course it is precisely the thesis of a cultural consciousness, to which everything contemporaneous in a given society is related, that forms the basic doctrine of Spengler. One might suppose Shakespeare to represent "the finest type of mind", but I have never seen a book on Shakespeare more concerned to represent him as a historical and political phenomenon than Lewis' study of him in *The Lion and the Fox*. Lewis might, of course, protest that his whole point is that the nineteenth century never produced any really great or "absolute" art; that it was because of the "vulgarization" engendered by democracy that art got mixed up with politics and so became a historical phenomenon. Tackled on the score of *The Lion and the Fox*, he might extend this principle to our "semi-barbaric" Western culture (he assumes, of course, the existence of a Western culture), which he regards as far less civilized than the Chinese. But as every one of Lewis' diatribes is in some way concerned with that very culture, what price the following syllogism: All Lewis' critical books are concerned with the analysis of the cultural consciousness of the Western world, mainly during its last hundred years or so, which is treated both as a unity and as an organic growth; Spengler's work is a general view of history based on the same postulates; therefore all of Lewis' critical work is a special application of the Spenglerian dialectic. What Epicurus was to Lucretius, what Aquinas was to Dante, what, perhaps, Montaigne was to Shakespeare, that Spengler is to Wyndham Lewis. Lewis' whole thinking is dominated by Spenglerian concepts. The in-

troduction to his preposterous book, *The Dithyrambic Spectator*, is based on Spengler's theory of craft-art in late civilization. His references to the "adolescence" of the Elizabethans as compared with our senile child-cult and to the "Roman brutality" of contemporary sport echo Spengler. His denunciations of Bohemia are pure Spengler: that both novels are Spenglerian satires is immediately obvious to anyone who has read both authors. His theory of the emergence of the philosopher-ruler, worked out in *The Art of Being Ruled*, is Spengler's theory of the rise of Caesarism. His book on Hitler is in octave counterpart to *The Hour of Decision*. His attack on impressionistic painting as having deserted a plastic for a musical ideal is unintelligible without its context in Spengler. And so on. In *The Lion and the Fox* Lewis speaks of Frederick the Great, who, himself the most perfect disciple of Machiavelli in history, composed a bitter philippic against him, which was exactly what Machiavelli would have advised him to do. Similarly, Lewis examines Spengler, in *Time and Western Man*, as a historical and political phenomenon evolved by the cultural consciousness which also produced Bergson in philosophy, Proust in literature, Einstein in science, Picasso in painting, which is precisely according to Spengler's own instructions.

THUS, Lewis' foreshortened perspective and his parenthetic repudiations of the very thesis he is advancing give him an air of being more common-sense and practical than Spengler, and of course he makes easy game of Spengler's bombastic and truculent jingoism, his turgid apocalyptic writing, his irascible retired-colonial Philistinism. But the fact remains, that the more completely Lewis is the Spenglerian satirist, in the same way that Shaw is a Fabian satirist and Auden a Marxian satirist, the better off he is as a writer.

Lewis has achieved a considerable reputation as the man who "debunked" Spengler, his biographer Gawsworth claiming that he has utterly destroyed Spengler's pretensions to being a thinker of importance in the contemporary world. For those genuinely interested in distinguishing the first-rate from the second-rate thinker, the producer of ideas from the exploiter of them, it may be as well to expose such a claim whenever possible.

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British Anthracite In Canada

EUGENE FORSEY

Investigation Into An Alleged Combine In The Importation and Distribution of British Anthracite Coal in Canada: Report of the Registrar under the Combines Investigation Act. The King's Printer, Ottawa; pp. 170. 25c.

THE title of this small blue-book is deceptively modest. What the Registrar of the Combines Investigation Act has given us is much more than a report on a combine. It is a comprehensive and careful picture of the whole business of importing and distributing British anthracite coal in Canada from 1929 to 1932.

The Registrar makes it plain at the outset that the development of the trade faced formidable difficulties. In the war and immediate post-war years imports of British anthracite were negligible, and there seemed little prospect that "such trade would prove sufficiently attractive to command the active attention and enterprise of British and Canadian business interests." (p. 13). "British producers and exporters were not organized in a manner that lent itself to effective entry into the Canadian market"; "the winter closing of St. Lawrence navigation meant that the importer had to store a large stock of coal considerably in advance of the fall and winter demand, incurring heavy investments and storage costs"; "the friability of British coals saddled importers with heavy charges in preparing the coal for distribution to retail dealers, and involved the loss of a large tonnage annually that could not be disposed of as domestic fuel." (p. 17). Moreover, "the wholesale and retail trade had long been thoroughly organized for the purpose of handling Pennsylvania anthracite, and the consumer had equally long been accustomed to its use." "Supplies can be obtained quickly and on short notice from the Pennsylvania mines at any period of the year." "The larger Canadian wholesaler, possessing a valuable connection with one or other of the strong American 'line' companies, might well hesitate to endanger that connection or to divert his energy and capital to the more complex business of British coal importation." The retailer's yard, "representing in many cases a heavy capital investment, had been located and equipped primarily to handle Pennsylvania coal." "Substantial losses were sustained by the British exporters or by their Canadian associates during the pioneer period." (pp. 17-18).

On the other hand, British coal enjoyed the advantages of superior quality and low ocean freight rates, and "the movements toward amalgamation or joint selling arrangements in Great Britain" between 1923 and 1928 removed the main obstacle to the provision of large and regular supplies. The Americans, contrary to some expectations, did not appreciably reduce their prices to meet the new competition. The embargo on Russian coal early in 1931, the depreciation of sterling which began later in the same year, and the admission of British anthracite to the free list by the agreement of 1932 all helped to swell the volume of British imports. But even before 1931 the figure had risen from 6½ per cent to almost 23½ per cent of our anthracite consumption. It seems

clear, therefore, that a large part of the credit "should be given to the tenacity and resourcefulness of the commercial interests on both sides of the Atlantic that preserved, despite early losses and discouragements, in the effort to improve and enlarge the trade." (p. 18). The Registrar mentions also "the introduction and increase of the use of blowers, creating a heavy demand for Welsh buckwheats which are pre-eminently suitable for blower use". (p. 18). But even this development seems to be partly attributable to the "commercial interests". (p. 35).

From these introductory considerations the Report passes to the organization of the British exporters and Canadian importers. Canada now takes about 20 per cent. of the total British output of anthracite (p. 21), and as almost half of this is buckwheat for blowers (pp. 34-35), much of the trade seems likely to be permanent. Canada's total consumption of anthracite is equal to almost 60 per cent. of the British output, as against less than 6 per cent. of the American. It is not surprising, therefore, that British producers, especially when faced with increasing trade restrictions in Europe, are devoting much attention to the Canadian market.

Most of our British anthracite, by 1932, was coming from three sources: Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries (controlling three-quarters of the Welsh output), Scottish Anthracite Producers' Association (controlling 85 per cent. of the Scottish fields), and T. T. Pascoe, Limited, (operating for "independent" Welsh producers). (p. 22-28). "Amalgamated coal, shipped to St. Lawrence ports, represented more than half the Canadian imports of British anthracite; and in the wholesale distribution of that coal competition appears to be controlled virtually to the point of elimination. The Canadian Import Company alone serves Quebec City and district. The same company, with the Weaver company, enjoys the distributing rights for Montreal and all territory served from Montreal. Those two companies handle the wholesale distribution in that area under a contract with the Amalgamated, which places very definite limits upon the degree and character of their competition. Moreover, there is now financial connection between them as regards share ownership and control. In Toronto, too, Amalgamated coal reaches the market through two companies working in a non-competitive way as between themselves—Milnes (subsidiary of Standard Fuel) imports and does a large retail trade, while the Toronto branch of the Weaver company also imports but confines itself to wholesale business." Of "independent" Welsh coal "Pascoe shipments represent the major portion and in 1932 all but a small tonnage came to Montreal. The chief importer there was the Hartt and Adair company and it is significant that the balance of the Pascoe shipments to Montreal went into the hands of the same interests which control Amalgamated tonnage in that market. The one remaining volume of imports was that of the Scottish Anthracite Producers' Association for which the

Scotch Anthracite Coal Company possesses the sole right of distribution in Canada". (p. 29).

This situation obviously laid the groundwork for a combine among Canadian importers and much of the rest of the Report is devoted to showing how the combine was in fact built up (pp. 102-105, 138-142); how it lessened the competition of other exporters and importers (pp. 105-113), and of other fuel (pp. 122-137); how it operated in respect to wholesale prices (pp. 114-120); how it tried to control the retailing of coal (pp. 143-148). This part of the subject is familiar to everyone from newspaper reports of the subsequent trial of the coal companies, and calls for no comment here.

Granted the existence of a combine, the further question arises, has it operated to the detriment of the public? Has it unduly enhanced prices? From a rather careful inquiry into the technical qualities and defects of British anthracite (pp. 30-39) the Registrar concludes that it is worth more than American. So far so good. The next point is retail margins. From a vast mass of statistical detail (pp. 39-78) three interesting conclusions emerge: (1) The established methods of retail distribution are, as far as British anthracite is concerned, fast giving way to direct retailing by importers themselves. As a result of this, retail margins in Quebec, Montreal, and even to some extent in Toronto, are much narrower than in Ottawa, where British coal comes in by rail and is handled in the same way as American. The lot of the independent retailer, it seems, is not much more hopeful in the coal trade than in some others. (2) Retail margins are not excessive. (3) There is no evidence of successful combination among retailers.

The margin of the wholesaler and importer is another matter. The Report begins by pointing out that the cost of importing and wholesaling is necessarily much heavier for British than for American anthracite. "Dock space must be provided not only for discharging but for storing a heavy stock of coal for a considerable period". This "involves a large tie-up of capital and a serious element of risk arises in attempting to estimate the volume of coal required for a winter". There is also the problem of degradation. "The processes of breaking, screening and re-screening leave the importer with a much smaller tonnage of domestic sizes than he purchased at the higher prices commanded by those sizes, and he has on his hands a correspondingly greater tonnage of buckwheats, which have to be sold at substantially lower prices, or of screenings which are not saleable at all as domestic fuel". (P. 79). Nevertheless it becomes clear, from the analysis of pp. 80-101 and 155-158, that the importers' margins during the years 1929-1932 were in fact excessive. The Canadian Import Company group in Montreal and Quebec showed a return on capital, after provision for income tax, of 30.5 per cent. in 1929, 29.8 per cent. in 1930, 19.5 per cent. in 1931, and 26.5 per cent. in 1932; Scotch anthracite, 5.2, 5.0, 12.9 and 20.5 per cent. for the same years; the Weaver company (Toronto and Hamilton business), a net loss in 1930 but returns of 40.9 per cent. and 35.9 per cent. in the two following years. Besides this, the Canadian Import Company had charged to executive salaries appreciable amounts which represented distribution of profits. As the Registrar tersely puts it:

"Profits have thus been maintained or increased

in . . . the distribution of an essential commodity during a period of widespread unemployment and declining or depleted incomes, when the prices of most other commodities have been subject to very substantial decline." (p. 258).

It is hard to understand why the late government suppressed this Report. Everything in it that could damage the companies came out at the trial anyhow, but torn from the economic background which is essential to a fair and complete view of the case and which the Registrar had provided with admirable completeness. It is to be hoped we have seen the last of such pointless secretiveness.

A Letter

To the Editor,

The Canadian Forum:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of April your reviewer, discussing my book *The Price Level*, attributes to me various opinions which I certainly do not hold, and I should be grateful if I might be allowed to correct these misunderstandings.

I do not believe that "fluctuations in economic affairs originate, and therefore must be solved, from the monetary side". On the contrary "although a complete programme of national planning must necessarily include the development of an ideal monetary system, the development of an ideal monetary system will not itself provide a solution to certain national problems which are also of urgent importance . . ." (p. 5).

I do not believe that "the proper objective of monetary policy is price stabilization." On the contrary the aims of the ideal monetary system are defined in much more general terms as follows: "Firstly, the expansion of trade and industry should be facilitated by an ample supply of cheap money, and should be restricted only when there are signs of over-trading and the development of boom conditions. Secondly, violent fluctuations in the activity of trade should be avoided as far as possible. Thirdly, there should be adequate control of the trade balance without excessive restriction of international trade. Fourthly, the price level should be reasonably stable especially over the long period." (p. 7).

The possibility that a stable price level may be quite consistent with widespread unemployment is not ignored. On the contrary it is explained that "No reference will be made to the problem of decaying industries and distressed areas, for the reason that this problem involves the adoption of measures of a different type to those with which we are immediately concerned." (p. 5).

I do not suggest that subduing fluctuations in trade is a "method" for stabilizing prices. In my view these two expressions are both to be regarded as defining possible objectives of monetary policy, and they are used in my book in this sense.

I do not suggest that stabilization of the general price level will solve the problem which is presented by the recent collapse of agricultural prices as compared with industrial prices. This particular problem is mentioned, but it is stated that "it is of very great importance, but it lies beyond the scope of the present essay." (p. 123).

In conclusion may I direct attention to a book entitled *The General Theory of Employment Interest and Money* by Mr. J. M. Keynes which has recently been published. On pp. 270 and 271 of that book the author summarizes his views on wages and prices, and the views which he there expresses appear to be in very close agreement with the conclusion at which I have arrived in the book under review. Yours faithfully,

Boosterstown, Ireland.

K. E. EDGEWORTH.

The Canadian Forum

BOOKS



Cultural Islands

GROUP SETTLEMENT. Ethnic Communities in Western Canada. Vol. VIII, Canadian Frontiers of Settlement: C. A. Dawson; Macmillan; \$4.50; pp. XX, 365.

THE present volume consists of an intensive study of five important cases of bloc settlement in the Canadian West including the Doukhobor, Mennonite and Mormon colonies, and typical German Catholic and French-Canadian communities. It accounts for their establishment, traces their development, describes their 'way of life' and explains the processes by which they are gradually becoming culturally and economically accommodated to the more individualistic and secular society with which they are surrounded.

At this time of settlement such groups are invariably racially and linguistically homogeneous, strongly sectarian and possessed of a distinctive culture which they hope to preserve by means of geographical and social isolation. The Doukhobors, Mennonites and Mormons established themselves in more or less collectionistic farm villages on land set apart and specifically reserved for the purpose; the German Catholics and French-Canadians located on scattered farmsteads in geographically segregated areas. Theirs was not a mass migration but a more individualistic type of settlement drawn from diverse sources and based on a natural desire of migrants to settle beside neighbours with the same language, religion and general culture. In all cases religious organizations played a prominent part in establishing the settlement, in organizing its life, and in preserving and fostering its group consciousness.

The author shows how the railway, the highway, the public school, the press, the commercial village and commercialized recreation are promoting the use of the official language of the region and the adoption of prevalent social practices, attitudes and loyalties. He describes the gradual re-definition of the role of religious organizations in response to the impact of the more secular life in adjacent communities. The occasions for conflict with neighbours and administrative authorities are sympathetically explained as well as the difficulties inherent in the process of adaptation to an encircling individualistic competitive society with which increased contact is found to be inevitable. Considerable variation still persists as between the standards of living and productive efficiency of the several groups; they possess the common characteristics, however, of greater residential stability than obtains generally in the rural parts of the Prairie Provinces and increasing proportions of "cash expenditures" as compared with farm produce in the family budget.

The volume is more than an historical and de-

scriptive study of a selected group of ethnic communities. It is an interpretative treatment of the phenomenon of rural segregation as it occurs in Western Canada and of the slow but steady process of assimilation of the many scores of 'cultural islands' created in the early days of settlement. It makes extensive use not only of historical documents and government reports, but of first hand material collected by means of field surveys. It is well written, well documented and contains upwards of a hundred maps, charts and photographic illustrations. The book is recommended to the general reader as well as to the student of the history and problems of the Canadian West.

W. B. HURD.

History on the Radio

THE COLONIZATION OF CANADA: D. C. Harvey; Clarke Irwin & Co.; \$1.25; pp. 154.

PROFESSOR HARVEY'S little book consists of a series of fifteen-minute radio lectures which he gave last year on the subject of the explorers, traders and immigrants who opened up and settled the territories which now form the Dominion of Canada. His narrative is highly compressed but very skilfully woven together, and he includes valuable surveys of the population of the country at various periods. His conclusion is not very favourable to further expenditure on immigration propaganda; the money, he thinks, might be better spent on scientific and continuous study by a government commission of our settlement problems. Certainly a reading of this booklet provides abundant justification for the experiment of making such material available to radio listeners. Just at present we are hearing a great deal both for and against the national radio commission. Whatever may be said about its relation to politics and politicians, its great failure has been in its lack of imagination and initiative in developing new types of programmes for the air. Professor Harvey has shown how much interesting material there is in one aspect of our Canadian history which can be presented in popular lectures to a general audience. The commission has also given us Professor J. F. Macdonald's book-reviews on Saturday evenings, and Professor H. L. Stewart's comments on current affairs on Sunday evenings. But beyond a few stray fifteen-minute periods like these it seems to confine itself to second-rate imitations of American commercial programmes. Professor Harvey's lectures were given on Thursday evenings. Is there no way of convincing the radio commission that there is still a considerable body of owners of receiving sets in Canada besides the morons for whom Rudy Vallee constitutes the high-light of Thursday evenings?

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Unemployment

THE CANADIAN UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE ACT—Its Relation to Social Security: J. L. Cohen; Nelson and Sons; pp. 167; \$2.00.

THIS is a book concerned with fundamentals. It does not deal with the detail which, for example, an administrative official in any of the countries with established unemployment insurance in Europe would demand. It is a critique of Mr. Bennett's Unemployment Insurance Act woven into a lucid essay on a threefold theme. The first is the contrast between a purely actuarial scheme of insurance and one based unequivocally on a social rather than a private-property principle. Mr. Cohen puts this in general terms, as the recognition "of a contract with the individual whereby, in return for his co-operation with its social arrangements, society undertakes to protect him against personal loss resulting from social risks". But it is substantially the same as the plain man's view that a country should provide decent maintenance if it cannot ensure work for all its citizens who are unemployed through no fault of their own. The alarm with which this view is regarded by our rugged individualists will be matched only by the annoyance with which actuaries will read this book. It is not hard for Mr. Cohen to show the limitations set by the stern provisions of the Canadian Act—the exclusion of all the "difficult" occupations, the heavy qualification-requirements which virtually exclude all the present unemployed, the restriction of benefit to 13 weeks unless the claimant has a long record of previous work, and so on. Besides this demonstration of the heavy price of actuarial soundness there is a welcome emphasis on some of the less generally understood implications of British experience in the last decade.

The second theme is the difference between "incidental" or temporary unemployment and "organic" unemployment due to the complicated dislocation of the depression which the system has brought upon itself. The Canadian Act is "designed exclusively on the hypothesis that unemployment is incidental and not organic or chronic . . . It is predicated . . . upon a return to prosperity". It is doubtful if the Gregory Commission (quoted on p. 93) would agree that Mr. Cohen's distinction was identical with their own, which includes the trade-cycle among temporary dislocations of the system. And there is a difference between doubting the cyclical return of "prosperity", and maintaining that heavy unemployment will persist even if "recovery" or "prosperity" does come, which Mr. Cohen does not make quite clear. But his challenge to face these issues remains.

His third purpose, emphasized in the preface, is to present the case for the non-contributory as against the contributory type of scheme. It is here that with all one's gratitude for Mr. Cohen's emphasis on basic principles, one feels he has allowed them to carry him a little too far. There is a tendency for his three contrasts to be treated as if they were synonymous, which loads too many sins upon the head of the contributory scheme. It places an unfair burden of payment upon the workers. It "may be used, politically, to divide labour into two classes and, economically, to drive down the whole

standard of wage-scales". But are all contributory schemes equally undesirable? Mr. Cohen himself admits that a state contribution secured from progressive taxation would constitute a real alleviation of the burden of the worker's payments. The institution of a contributory scheme is not incompatible with the reorganization and raising of present relief standards. Nor is a low rate of benefit the necessary corollary of contributory insurance: it depends on the principles from which the actuaries and the government begin. And is it the method of maintenance or the fact of unemployment itself, forcing workers to take low wages and low-skilled jobs, which does most to divide the ranks of labour?

Here is a book which even a socialist Minister of Labour could read with profit. But he would have to ask himself these and other questions to decide which of its postulates are certainties and which only warnings—though of the most salutary kind.

LEONARD MARSH.

A Socialist Mayor

CITY GOVERNMENT: Daniel W. Hoan; New York; Harcourt Brace and Co.; \$2.50; pp. 365.

MR. HOAN is well known as the socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, the twelfth largest and reputedly the best governed city in the United States. He gives us in this book a record of what has been achieved and attempted in the last twenty-five years that he has been connected with the local government, first six years as City Attorney, and then, since 1916, as Mayor, an office which he still holds. Mr. Hoan himself is a thorough Socialist, and his work is an extremely effective, because extremely political and concrete, vindication of socialist principles. But it is not the story of a socialist experiment in any full sense, since he did not have a majority of his own followers on the Common Council. It should rather be read as an example of what can be done by a great public servant backed by an enlightened and organized body of opinion, even under the appalling handicaps of the present economic system. For the author is very definite on the need of an organized party, and indeed gives to it most of the credit.

Mr. Hoan rightly emphasises the extreme importance of local government. Not only is the government of a big city of considerable size and financial status, but it is the one kind of government with which the ordinary man is in direct and continuous contact. Indeed, it is probably through active interest in local affairs that the public conscience of the average citizen can be roused most rapidly and effectively, thence to spread to wider fields.

In 1910 Milwaukee was "in the grasp of the sinister and slimy hand of special interests, dive-keepers, crooked contractors, petty racketeers, and political bosses". The gradual rehabilitation, the struggle of Daniel Hoan and his followers against those interests, the fight with the banks that batten on debt, the directing of municipal enterprise into broader and cleaner channels, is a thrilling and exciting story. It was not a case of one glorious victory, but of a continual struggle throughout a quarter of a century, a struggle that is by no means ended, and can, in fact, only end with capitalism itself. The

principle of public ownership and operation of public utilities (in the widest sense) is irrefutably vindicated by facts and figures. The amount of debt-redemption achieved seems nothing short of miraculous. There are also admirable chapters on finance, police administration, the causes of crime, fire protection, city planning, housing, unemployment, etc.

Mr. Hoan's style is as clear as his policies: there are enough figures, enough detail, to prove his points, but nowhere enough to be wearisome. His book not only provides a most interesting record, but also a fully thought-out theory of local government and the main principles that should be followed. And there are many exciting incidents on the way: in particular the letter addressed by him to the magnate who was fomenting trouble during a strike, is a joy to read (p. 218). If only more of our public men were ready to use their power on the side of fairness and justice, on the side of real peace, order and good government, they would find out (to their own great surprise) that they really have power. Meanwhile let our city fathers everywhere acquaint themselves with the aims and methods of the mayor of Milwaukee. They have much to learn from him. And so have we.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Great Caesar's Ghost

CAESAR'S MANTLE: Ferdinand Mainzer; Macmillans in Canada; \$3.25; pp. 345.

THE social and political chaos of our time has aroused a new popular interest in Julius Caesar, the most gifted and spectacular failure among the public men who at the break-up of the Roman republic were called upon to deal with a crisis so like our own. But to complete, indeed fully to understand, the picture, we should go on to consider what settlement of these difficulties was ultimately reached, and why. Ferdinand Mainzer's book, *Caesar's Mantle*, offers the ordinary reader a concise, but clear, comprehensive, thoroughly studied and well-arranged account of the gradual emergence of this settlement; the professional historian too may find much that is stimulating and suggestive in the work.

Whatever his personal qualities may have been, and whatever conjecture we may form about his probable actions had he lived, it can hardly be doubted that at his death Caesar left Rome even worse off than he had found it. Dr. Mainzer begins with Caesar's murder, attempting to show the state of feeling at Rome when sixty men, among them some of the ablest and most respected Romans, could combine, with such constancy of purpose that a secret shared by so many remained secret, to murder the man who had been the personal friend and benefactor of many of them. The years of anarchy that followed this rash and untimely action found no man nor group of men strong enough to maintain law, order, and peace. They form one of the most tangled and confusing epochs in European history, but Dr. Mainzer has succeeded in producing a plausible and consistent account, and in giving brief but effective pictures of the strongly marked personalities that crowded one another so rapidly off the stage.

Displaying no partisan animosities, he does sub-

stantial justice to all the leaders. M. Brutus in particular, being treated without the unsympathetic and supercilious rudeness that has been common since the later nineteenth century, appears as a figure more in keeping with his actual historical importance. Dr. Mainzer points out that "he had a much clearer insight into the progress of events and into the character of the main actors in the terrible drama then being played" than anyone else in his party; and he makes out a good case for the belief that Brutus' military gifts have been seriously underestimated. The disappointed Cassius, and the swaggering, unscrupulous, attractive Antony, are firmly and convincingly presented. As for Octavian, later known as Augustus, the sickly plant that grew to overshadow the whole forest, whose growth indeed gradually showed itself to be the one consistent and unifying element in the general confusion, he remains as enigmatic to us as to his contemporaries. Dr. Mainzer relates his career without wrath or palliation, and states and exemplifies the paradox of his character, which is about all anyone can do.

In the general interpretation of the period, Dr. Mainzer's chief distinction lies in the fact that, due perhaps to his actual combatant experience, he understands more accurately than most historians the extent to which peculiarly military considerations directed and forcibly determined the course of events, choosing capriciously among the alternatives offered by conflicting political and economic forces.

The translators, Eden and Cedar Paul, maintain their enviable reputation as translators of German. Their version is easy, fluent, picturesque, and straightforward. It is regrettable that an apparent unfamiliarity with Roman history and the Latin language has led them into a number of minor faults of nomenclature, and the quotations of Latin poetry are hardly improved by being evidently translated from German metrical translations. None of these faults, however, involve serious misunderstandings, and one cannot have everything.

L. A. MacKAY.

Three Poets

NOAH AND THE WATERS: C. Day Lewis; The Hogarth Press. Longmans; pp. 59; \$1.75.

WORK FOR THE WINTER: Julian Bell; The Hogarth Press. Longmans; pp. 68; \$1.25.

BEELZEBUB: R. C. Travelyan; The Hogarth Press. Longman's; \$1.25.

HERE are three new volumes of English verse, arranged in order of the author's social awareness. This is a bad way to arrange poetry, but it is a good way to arrange these books.

Day Lewis is easily the most interesting and the most disappointing. He has taken hold of the prophecy expressed in the Communist Manifesto, about the portion of the ruling class breaking away to make common cause with the revolutionary class, and has written a short morality play around it. Noah is the loose portion, a typical member of the middle muddle-class, prompted by decent feelings to fling himself into the flood of social change but obviously scared to do so. Just why he should have been so frightened in Day Lewis's poem is not very clear, because it appears that all he had to do was to step into a cosy little Ark which would float

safely on the surface until such time as the dirty work had been done, and then step out and inherit the earth. Naturally he makes the right choice, and we gather that he would come forth from his hiding place when all the earth was green again and be a big lad in the new social order.

The book is well written in spite of being so politically amusing. The speeches of the Burgesses (i.e. capitalists) are excellent parodies of what all right-thinking occupants of the upper-income-brackets are saying these days, as true for Canada as for England or any other monopoly capitalism. There is a happy blend of free verse and simple prose. But the author seems unconsciously to have symbolized his own hopes of how things will happen. He has made for himself a snug literary nest against the days of wind and storm. His error, however, is not, as Marxists contend, in thinking that the middle-class will be safe in joining another "revolutionary" class just before the final conflict. It is the deeper error of not realizing that the real power for social change rests with the Noahs, the middle-class, in any highly industrialized community. For all their muddleheadedness, they hold the key to the situation. They are going to be the Flood, either fascist or socialist. But they will not have an Ark.

Julian Bell's *Work for the Winter* comes much nearer to the realm of pure poetry. It has the technical excellence that is so much more common amongst English than American minor poets. His verse has the two great qualities of precision and economy, but his content does not distinguish him from the good craftsman. Nevertheless he will be appreciated by readers of discrimination.

Beelzebub seems to be the work of a young poet who has had far too much money spent on his education. He knows a great deal about Epimetheus and Androton and Septimius, but of the world in which we live he shows no signs of knowing anything. I am quite willing to defend art for art's sake, but to make out a case for classical education for classical education's sake is beyond me.

F. R. SCOTT.

Camera Artist

CAMERA CONVERSATIONS: By "Jay". The Macmillans in Canada; \$5.00; pp. 298.

THIS volume is an interesting addition to the numerous collections of photographs, periodic or occasional, now available to those who follow modern camera craft; it is especially interesting as being produced in Canada, which has up to the present contributed comparatively little to photography considered either as an art or as a means of making records. This book consists of a foreword by the Editor of *Saturday Night*, thirty pages of introductory text and good reproductions of well over a hundred photographs by the author and a dozen by others, nearly all from miniature negatives. The prints, arranged in groups under general headings, will naturally be the greatest attraction, but to many, especially those who would like to be photographers, "Jay's" frank enjoyment of his pursuit, his discussion of the 'perfect camera', and his plea for photography as a means of enlarging the ordinary man's life will be full of interest.

The author belongs to the school of thought that distinguishes between the exhibition print and the

record; but while he gives full admiration to the work of the masters of modern photographic technique, he upholds the importance of what has been called a sympathetic record. It is one of the finest attributes of photography that it enables any thoughtful worker to record momentary episodes, phases of nature, delicate tones, with a fidelity impossible to other processes. "Jay" himself has, as he tells the reader, never submitted a print to a salon jury, and his book is a declaration of rights for the makers of intelligent records. It does not follow that their records will be shown at salons, but it is very clear that there is a wide gulf between a thoughtless snapshot and a well-considered photograph; the picture on page 251 illustrates the point beautifully: and it is equally clear that the pleasure gained from a photograph is intense and lasting in proportion to the thought that preceded the exposure of the negative.

Some minor points may be noted. In two places, page 10 and page 48, it is said that colour can be reproduced in monotone: to maintain this is to throw an insupportable burden on a medium of which the essence is the power of differentiating tone, but not colour. A number of the pictures are placed on the pages, for example 37 and 105, so as to run off along one margin; this deprives the mount of its most important function, the isolation of the picture from its surroundings. At least two of the candid camera studies are out of place (pages 77 and 79).

These, however, are small defects alongside the generous measure of excellence. The volume must not be missed by those who enjoy good photography.

A. F. COVENTRY.

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The view of historic force and movement which Vincent Sheean had reached in the concluding pages of *Personal History* is here applied to the study of the tragic revolutionary failure of 1799 in Naples. Last month *Personal History* received the National Book Award, presented by The American Booksellers' Association, for the most distinguished biography of 1935. *Sanfelice* is a development of Vincent Sheean's amazing talent.

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A Modern Odyssey

PETER LECKY: By Himself; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 351; \$2.50.

IT is a commonplace that any life holds a story of significant human interest if faithfully chronicled. Contemporary writers of divers sorts, alive to this, are refusing to trust to hypothetical biographers and are preserving their own life-stories for posterity. "Peter Lecky" (an Englishman who prefers to remain anonymous) has led a varied life thus far (he is presumably not an octogenarian, as his book ends with his marriage three years ago) and he has a zest for human values and the knack of vivid writing. Born in a middle-class South of England home, he had the usual school experiences and after a try at teaching emigrated to Canada "with my father's blessing and sixteen pounds in my pocket." As ranch hand and later as helper to an old guide and packer in northern Alberta and British Columbia he got close to nature and human nature in the raw. As cook, laundry hand, photographer's helper and guard in a penitentiary, he saw the under side of life in Calgary, Edmonton, and Medicine Hat in the years before the war.

Tragedy enters his story when he is called back to England to nurse a father whose mind had "gone queer" while his mother was an inmate of a mental hospital through religious mania. His mother recovered sufficiently to return to her home, and the son, harrowed and unstrung by his terrible experience and caught by the war hysteria of 1914, went to France. His close-ups of the drabness, grotesquerie and horror of trench life are not surpassed even by Barbusse's "Le Feu". He was gassed, and his account of the gipsy-like existence he led on his return to England, disabled by an asthmatic cough from which he has never recovered, is a classic Odyssey of the "returned man". Finally, still in search of health, he tried Australia, where as sheep hand, mate on a pearl-fishing lugger, jackaroo and newspaperman, he repeated, with variations, his earlier experiences in Canada, all the while fighting down his asthma with injections of adrenalin. One day he walked into a small library "and there found employed, and immediately recognized, the one person for whom I had waited half a lifetime."

There is a touch of mysticism running through the book, and a frankness in dealing with sex experiences less common in modern autobiography than in modern fiction—until H. G. Wells set his pontifical seal on such revelations. But there is a minimum of introspection, and the charm of the book is of the kind that has made Negley Farson's "Way of a Transgressor" a best seller on two continents.

CARLTON McNAUGHT.

Going Gaily into the Dark

ANTONY: the Earl of Lytton; Scribner's; pp. 368; \$3.00.

ANTONY is a grand lad, and his book, which is made up largely of letters to his father and mother during the twenty-nine years of his life, is a good one. In this collectivist generation it seems to belong to a remote and idyllic age for it shows the life of the only remaining aristocracy at its young and radiant best. One might call the book a

record of the making of an English peer or a destined statesman, for it traces a career through West Downs, Eton and Magdalen, links us with the Vice-Regal Lodge at Bengal, where his father was for three years governor, and takes us even to a Conservative seat in Parliament. But that would not be Antony's book any more than it was his ambition. His is a tale of Elysian fields of adventure for untrammelled youth, the record of one who could write "I have felt, as a boy, like a God." It leaves one with a lasting impression of exhilaration, of abounding joy, of sun, wind and laughter.

It was no doubt Eton and the tradition of his caste which bred him hard of bodily and moral fibre, made him champion boxer, first-rate at ski-ing, polo and so on, but they had no part in the making of the Antony who could write of his race for the Kandahar ski championship so that one sweats with him, curses the fouled telemark, the crash and the fellow who passes, strains on down through the valley, falls in a heap, picks oneself up, falls again, the winner. That passion for words was born in him and grew in the sun of his parents' warm appreciation of his letter-writing. It was equally Antony who could enter the next day for the British ski championship but dismiss it in a line to his mother, "it was such a lovely day, and such a lovely run, that I couldn't race, but just came down, quite quietly singing." Antony's spirit was a free one, rich intuitively, and with an Elizabethan's zest for living, but none of his schools brought out the best of him. At nine he was setting fair, with a mind as vigorous as his body but somehow in the course of the finest traditional education in Great Britain, they failed to nourish both equally. Underneath there is always a sense of boredom for which he quite rightly says he is not responsible. Nobody saw that far from it being the "fundamental donkey" in him, "doing it for fun" was the mainspring of the boy's life as it should have been of his education. Duty and a stubborn will drove him painfully through his studies when such a mind might have flamed into life if urged to channel its own way. Consequently he reaches manhood to face the last struggle for existence of his class with a mind curiously uncritical and unchallenging. He crashed to his death three years ago in the manoeuvres of his squadron in the Auxiliary Air Force, through a leader's miscalculations. In his father's words, characteristically "he followed, as he was bidden to do, even unto death".

GLADYS DAVIS.

The Platonic Fountain

SPARKENBROKE: Charles Morgan; Macmillan and Co.; \$2.50; pp. 553.

THERE are attractions in this book other than its philosophic theme, although that is its author's main, and enchanting, pre-occupation. It is possible indeed to argue that Charles Morgan is double-purposed, having in mind wide sales to a popular audience as well as the need to supply to those who are today without God in the world, a vital theory of reality. For he plays with the love of mystery and the macabre in his use of the Sparkenbroke Mound, he makes his hero almost blatantly romantic, he builds frankly upon the element of human passion in his story of the beautiful girl loved by two men, and he even has the happy ending loved by all weak

humans—for so the quiet close may be read. Granted that all these elements are blended in one entertaining mixture, the book will undoubtedly be read, and perhaps those pages will be skipped where the author descants upon death and love and art.

But that is exactly what does not prove possible with this novel. Through the careful work of word and sentence and whole composition the novel is a close unity, growing out of the situation of its five main characters when Mary Leward came to Chel-mouth on a summer afternoon of 1926. (For our story tells of the Rector and of Helen Hardy as well as of Sparkenbroke, Dr. George Hardy and Mary). How precise the orientation of the tale is, with its hero born on such and such a day and dying on July 11, 1928! The story is really of the modern world in miniature, with the scholar, the moralist, the artist, the scientist, and the woman with goodness and beauty in her hands all playing their destined parts. Charles Morgan has as his primary gift a sense of character, not only a power of realizing types but the feeling for the revealing and individualizing detail. Thus our vision is caught by the Rector's tall, narrow head and by Sparkenbroke's trick of outward movement with his hands, just perceptible, when he is drawn in feeling towards another. Morgan has also a precise, flexible and transparent style, with an effect on the reader of enlightenment and enrichment. His prose, like the poetry interwoven with the story, always tends to cause a stirring of the imagination.

This feature of his writing recalls to mind Morgan's central theme. Sparkenbroke is made a living exponent of the belief expressed by Keats in a letter to Bailey, as to "the holiness of the Heart's affection and the truth of Imagination." Translated by Morgan this belief becomes an explicit Platonism, with art and love and finally death for the means whereby the individual may be released—from static and particularizing sense into the perception of the vital forms which animate sense. In an early conversation with Mary, Sparkenbroke even suggests the doctrine of reminiscence. "Do you happen to remember what it was like before you were born?" "I don't really remember anything," she said. "But there is something to remember." "In a way I suppose there is." It is difficult to convey the passion with which Morgan advances his thesis—the luminousness with which the natural world is rendered, or the power of those passages when the creative imagination is shown at work. Indeed the best parts of this novel are like the best parts of Schopenhauer when he is discussing art, or of Bergson when he treats of nature, or of Dostoevsky when he describes human goodness. The whole work finally reveals the same movement of thought as has animated W. R. Inge, Paul Elmer More, Santayana and T. S. Eliot. These all claim that mystics and poets are not liars, but that life is one and is spiritual.

M. M. KIRKWOOD.

A Rebel's Background

THE GREEN LION: Francis Hackett. Doubleday, Doran; pp. 337. \$2.50.

IT is a rare pleasure to find the scholarship, the cultivated style, the nicety of balance of a distinguished and practiced biographer applied to a novel; only too often the ambitious novelist re-

verses this and applies the romanticism and essentially biased conceptions of fiction to biography. It would be grossly underestimating the importance of Henry VIII and Francis I to suggest that they are of mere apprentice value in Mr. Hackett's pursuit of literature. Nevertheless the art of fiction would not suffer if more novelists had experience of the exacting literary science of biography. It is doubtful whether without this training Mr. Hackett could have managed the true perspective of *The Green Lion*, for the scene is laid in the Ireland of Parnell and the author is a native of Kilkenny. But then the Irish should never write about anything but Ireland. No one else will ever feel at home there and there is so much to be recorded.

But the feeling that Mr. Hackett is dangerously close to his subject cannot be escaped. The unrest and distress of those late nineteenth century years, ill-starred by Parnell's noble futility and disgrace, must have clouded his own boyhood as it does that of his protagonist, Jerry. And no amount of judicious survey of these times can counteract his bitterness. But who would ask Mr. Hackett to be a bystander; indeed, to do so would be to demand that he throw away the core and the flesh of his book and give us the parings. From this it may be concluded that the reviewer does not entirely agree with what he has to say. But probably no two people will ever agree upon what immediate circumstances bred the Home Rule Bill and were responsible for its abortion, nor upon the consequences of Gladstone's sincere but ineffective liberalism.

The story itself is concerned with the boyhood and early adolescence of Jerry, suddenly shifted from the easy-going countryside to the political and emotional rigours of a county town. The confusions of his own spiritual growth are paralleled and influenced by those of his country, making her first constructive attempt to win independence, not only political but cultural. The contrast between the hot-blooded partisanship of his friends and relatives and the restraint of his formal education under the Jesuits is finely drawn. The spiritual paradoxes of his unhappy country weighed heavily on his sensitive youth.

The story closes with his setting sail for America, where the Irish are forever emigrating in a pathetic hope of finding liberty and order. But if Mr. Hackett lives up to our expectations we should find Jerry in some future volume, returning to Ireland for the 'trouble'. Both Jerry and Mr. Hackett are too deeply involved to leave us at the turn of the century.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

Four Creepers

THE TRAGIC CASE OF JOHN RENOLD: Henry Allan; Dorrance; \$1.75; pp. 217.

THE CATALYST CLUB: George Dyer; Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00; pp. 288.

JOY COURT: F. Layland-Barratt; The Macmillans in Canada; \$2.00; pp. 307.

MANHATTAN MURDER: Arthur Train; Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50; pp. 268.

THESE four books belong to the class often carelessly named "shockers"; nevertheless, though they are all concerned with crime, their effect is not

sudden and explosive but rather slow, with an accumulation of distress that makes your flesh creep. Hence "creepers."

Manhattan Murder is good brutal gangster stuff, which for once gives you development instead of noise, and is both intelligible and interesting. For what I say is, if you're being ruthless, be ruthless. Listen to Shotgun Katie explaining to her son how she has provided for the future:

"Well, when we've got the dough," she went on, "I torpedo O'Conner and the girl. Then we all get into the boat and beat it for the open sea.—That's what he says."

"Yeah?—So what?"

"Then naturally he'll do just what any other such yellow dog would do."

"What's that?"

"First bust you and me."

"I see," said Lester.

"After that he busts Sparky and—"

"Grabs off the dough and makes his getaway alone?"

"You're tellin' me.—He's got an airplane waiting somewhere. There might be too many passengers!"

"So what'll we do?"

"Bust 'em both first."

"Okay. Chart the locations."

"O'Conner and the girl will be standing out here. I'll bump 'em from about here. I'll still have most of my drum left. Then I'll walk kind of slow toward where you and the rest are gathered around the boat. They'll plan to plug us as we get in. Then I give 'em the works."

Alas for human blindness! Few of these complicated bustings are carried through according to plan. Indeed, this efficient old lady is herself busted, with all her vivacious colleagues.

The Catalyst Club is a group of experts—a chemist, a physician, and so forth—who give the police that unofficial but overwhelmingly useful assistance with which we are all so familiar. A girl-student in California is found dead near a bathing-pool with pieces scooped out of her. How? Not with a blunt instrument, obviously . . . The whole thing is rather mechanically thought out, but well written. If any student after this stays away from a lecture of mine, I shall turn pale; for now I know why they do it.

From the jacket I learn that the author of the Tragic Case of John Renold is a member of the English Bar, who "suddenly found himself possessed of a desire to write, and he unhesitatingly laid aside wig and gown and took up the pen." So what? as Shotgun Katie would say. More is needed for writing than semi-nudity and a pen. This is the only one of these four that I could not finish. Don't blame me till you have read it.

Joy Court is the only real novel of the batch. Don't let that deter you. There is any amount of grimness and death—in fact, the publishers say that "this is no book for the squeamish." (i.e., two people are decapitated by a railway train). Everyone except the heroine and the baby is either a lunatic, or commits a crime or gets killed; that novelists' friend, the Great War, helping to clear off a number of overdue deaths. But Amelia Joy herself is a really fine creation, who gives coherence and power to an engrossing though morbid work.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

Books Received

(Mention in this list does not in any way preclude review in a later issue).

- JESUS MANIFEST: D. S. Merejkowski; Scribner's; pp. 622; \$2.75.
- THE GREAT GALILEAN RETURNS: Henry Kendall Booth; Scribner's; pp. 218; \$2.00.
- THE CHRISTIAN EPIC: Mary Ely Lyman; Scribner's; pp. 275; \$2.50.
- BIBLE VS. MODERNISM: Allison N. Trice and Charles H. Robertson; Rock City Publishing Co.
- BEFORE THE GREAT SILENCE: Maurice Maeterlinck; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 200; \$1.75.
- THE FOOL HATH SAID: Beverley Nichols; Doubleday Doran; pp. 271; \$2.25.
- CANADA AND THE BRITISH ARMY: C. P. Stacey; Longmans; pp. 287; \$3.50.
- THE LIVING JEFFERSON: James Truslow Adams; Scribner's; pp. 403; \$3.00.
- AUGUSTUS AND THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ROMAN GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY: A. D. Winspear and L. K. Gweke; University of Wisconsin; pp. 317; \$2.00.
- TEN YEARS OF CURRENCY REVOLUTION, 1922-1932: Sir Charles Morgan-Webb; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 267; \$2.50.
- MODERN GOVERNMENT 'as a busybody in other men's matters': Sir Ernest J. P. Benn; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 245; \$1.75.
- THE SOCIALISATION OF IRON AND STEEL: 'Ingot'; Gallancz-Ryerson; pp. 174; \$1.25.
- AN INTRODUCTION TO SOME JAPANESE ECONOMIC WRITINGS OF THE 18TH CENTURY: Nell Skene Smith P. S. King; 3/6.
- THE SIMPLETON, THE SIX, THE MILLIONAIRESS: G. Bernard Shaw; Constable-Macmillan; pp. 199; \$2.50.
- THOMAS MORE: R. W. Chambers; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 404; \$3.75.
- THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GIAMBATTISTA VICO: H. P. Adams; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 236; \$2.50.
- THE STORY OF A NOVEL: Thomas Wolfe; Scribner's; pp. 93; \$1.10.
- THE AUTHORSHIP OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS: Irene Coope Willis; Hogarth-Longmans; pp. 94; \$1.25.
- WANDERING AMONG WORDS: Henry Bett; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 240; \$1.75.
- THANKSGIVING BEFORE NOVEMBER: Norman McLeod; Parnassus Press, N.Y.; pp. 87.
- SNAKE IN THE MOON: Francis Berry; Williams & Norgate-Nelson; pp. 48; 1/6.
- NEW PROVINCES, Poems by several Authors: Macmillan, Toronto; pp. 77; \$1.50.
- EAST OF MY HOUSE AND WEST OF THE WATER TANK: Blanche Bingham; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 79; \$1.00.
- EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN: Arnold Zweig; Macmillan; pp. 448; \$2.50.
- HOUSES AS FRIENDS: Dorothy Pym; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 287; \$3.00.
- INDIFFERENT CHILDREN: Alliston A. Kirby; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 314; \$2.50.
- CLANSMEN: Ethel Boileau; Hutchinson-Ryerson; pp. 448; \$2.50.
- MURDER AT 28:10: Newton Gayle; Scribner's; pp. 254; \$2.00.
- KENYA SKETCHES: J. L. Le Breton; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 157; \$1.50.
- THE MODERN ANGLER: John Alden Knight; Scribner's; pp. 260; \$2.75.

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